

THE  
USURPER,  
A Tragedy.

As it was Acted at the *Theatre Royal* by  
his Majesties Servants.

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Written by the Honourable  
EDWARD HOWARD, Esq:

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Licens'd August 2. 1667.  
Roger L'Estrange.

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LONDON,  
Printed for Henry Herringman at the Anchor in the Lower  
Walk of the New Exchange, 1668.

THE  
SUPPER

A Tragedy.

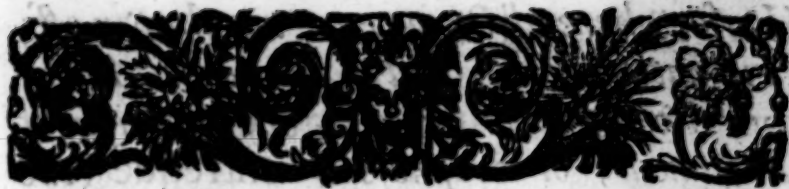
As it was Acted at the Theatre Royal by  
the Kings Company.

Written by the Honourable  
EDWARD HOWARD, Esq.

Licenced Aug. 2. 1697.  
John L'Estrange.



LONDON,  
Printed for Henry Hving near the Anchor in the Dock  
at the New Exchange, 1698.



# THE EPISTLE.

**S**ince the Impression of Plays, is so much the Practice of the Age, that few or none have been Acted, which fail to be display'd in Print; where they seem to put on the greater formality of Authors, while perhaps thus appearing, divested of the life of Action, which gave no small varnish to their figures, they suffer a more severe Correction from the Reader: Notwithstanding which disadvantage, I have Adventur'd to be Companion in the Impression of this Poem. And indeed I think it some impudence to hazard the Reader's being less Gentle than Spectators; the Press being in some manner the Stages Tyring-  
A 2 House,

## The Epistle.

House, where all Ornaments are thrown off, save native design and Language. And if this Poem, either for Gravety or weight of Argument, or deepness of Intreque (the true Soul and Genius of the Stage) has received (when Represented there) any grateful Acceptation from the Judicious, who pass few Enormities undiscerned, and therefore best able to take Plays in their highest Magnitudes, to them I am obliged to present it thus published. Not insensible what disadvantage it may receive, passing in the World on naked feet of verse, with other Works that have their measures adored with Trappings of Rhime, which how ere they have succeeded in wit or design, is still thought musick, as the Heroick Tone now goes: But whether so natural to a Play, (that should most nearly imitate, in some Cases our familiar Converse) the Judicious may easily determine. But here I would not be thought to detract from any that have been Considerably welcom'd on the Stage in  
this



## The Epistle.

*this Garbe ; since many Excellent Pens, and Honourable Persons, have thought fit to spend some Treasure of their Muses in Compositions of this kind. The other extream which deserves some Reflection; and which far more debases the Dignity of the Stage, is that of Farce or Scommatick Plays, which has so tickled some late Audiencies, with I know not what kind of Follity, that true Comedy is fool'd out of Countenance, and instead of Humor and Wit, (the Stages most Legitimate issue) leaves it to the inheritance of Changlings. No less Articke seems to many, the wresting in of Dances, when unnatural and improper to the business of the Scene and Plot, as if by an unintelligable Charm of their Muses, the Actors were like Faires Conjur'd up, that the Play might vanish in a Dance. Yet least I seem too much to carp at the delights of others, (since Plays are but Diversions in what kind soever understood) I willingly wave this unnecessary Excursion ; desiring  
the*

## The Epistle.

*the Reader to think it meant rather an  
Apology for my own: In respect it had not  
this kind entertainment, and not a violent  
Stemming against the Tide of Applause,  
that so favourably has brought Plays of this  
sort of Trimming, and Lading to an An-  
chor on the Stage, where I leave them to  
their Spectators, as I do this here to the  
Readers impartial Reception,*

Farewell.

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The

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# THE PROLOGUE TO THE USURPER.



A new made Pilots when they first Take Sea,  
Fear makes 'em think each Wave a Storm they see.  
And when Arriv'd, at the Appointed Land;  
Mistrust the Shoar, is some devouring Sand:  
So here our Poet; having brought his Play  
Unto the Stage, the Muses fatal Bay.  
Fears even the Coast, he labour'd most to Steer;  
Doubting his Danger: will he Landing here.  
But this same Itch of Wit, so fain would thrive;  
Just as some Merchants, still with Losses strive;  
That no successles Voyage made before,  
Writers forewarns from Coming to this Shoar.  
Who though here Beggar'd, still Design and Try  
How to deserve, or get a Charity.  
But in Good faith, 'tis held as hard a Task  
To pardon Wit, as Give to All that Ask.  
For here's the Difference, and the Danger too;  
Wants will Presume, but Wit's oft poor from you:  
In these Extreame, 'tis Difficult to say;  
Which is most safe, a Good, or Bad, new Play.  
Since 'tis his Danger, now who ere does writ,  
To want a Pitty, or to meet a Spite.  
Such strang Antipathies we well may fear,  
Both from your failings, and our Authors here;  
Yet I dare swear, He'l Count it his Good Hap,  
Though Envy strike, if All of you will Clap.

Drammatus

# Drammatis Personæ.

**D** Amocles.  
Dionysius.  
Cleander.

Cleomenes.

Demaratus.

Parmenio.

Hugo.

Proclus.

Strato.

Alexius.

Sicanus.

Dorion.

Scrophilus.

Arisba.

Senators.

Attendants.

Souldiers.

*An Usurper.*

*His Son.*

*The true King disguis'd like a Moor, under the name of Hiarbas.*

*A faithful noble Person.*

*A Sicilian noble and worthy Senator's.*

*His Son.*

*A Parasite and Creature of the Usurpers.*

*Commanders under the Usurper.*

*Commanders under the Usurpers Son.*

*A Moor, and Servant to King Cleander.*

The names of the Women.

Timandra

Calanthe.

Ladies.

*An Affrican Queen that preserv'd and lov'd the King Cleander.*

*The Kings Sister.*

The Scene Sicily.



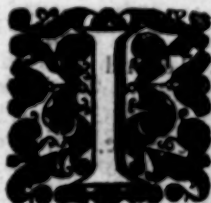
# ACTUS PRIMUS:

## Scena prima.

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*Enter Demaratus, and the two other Senators.*

*Dema.*



Cannot expound the Riddle.

1. *Sen.* It is a Trick, some new Device to  
insnare us.

2. *Sen.* I cannot tell: It wants a President:  
Resign his Power and Greatness, at a time,  
When every Stratagem has had Success,  
And all things Stoop to his Ambition.  
It puzzles me,

*Dema.* I wish he were in earnest.

1. *Sen.* If his Inclinations be for a private Life,  
He shall have my Vote; and let him make  
What hast he will to the other World.

2. *Sen.* If it were in my power, I would lend him  
A Lift to Heaven, and that's more Charity  
Than he deserves, when the Accompts are cast between us.

*Enter Colonel, Strato, and a Soldier.*

*Sent.* What shall we do, *Colonel*? they say  
We are like to be Disbanded too.

*Str.* Is there no Hemp? Go Hang your selves.

1. *Sen.* This is not the usual Dialect.

*Spr.* Your Servant Gentlemen,

B

2. *Sen.*



2<sup>d</sup> Sen. Noble Colonel, you are melancholy.

Dem. A Symptom of our Cure.

Str. Your Wisdoms apprehend the Cause;  
If the Generals Humor holds, You three  
Will not take my single Security for a thousand Crowns.

1. Sen. You are merry now.

Str. If you were no Senators I could tell you,  
You lye now: But bewo' ye Gentlemen,  
You are like to have a fine time on't.

Dem. I like this well.

1. Sen. Another discompos'd to.

[Exit.

Enter Alexius.

Dem. I am acquainted with him Colonel.

Alex. My grave Senator: Hark! you promis'd  
Me a Kindness; We may be undone, if the  
General hold his purpose: We shall  
Be marching off shortly.

Dem. Whither?

Alex. To our old Trades agen.

Dem. Why, do you believe his Excellency  
Has any serious thoughts to lay down his Commands.

Alex. You will easily Consent: Are you nor all desir'd  
To meet him at Tismoleons Tombe?

Dem. We are.

Alex. Where he'l resign his Commission to the Senate.

1. Sen. 'Tis very strange.

Alex. And which is worse in my Opinion,  
It will be true, And which is worse than this,  
There's little hope the Army will be continued.  
The Enemies (Pox on 'em) are all quiet,  
And we that fought for this peace, must Starve and Stink,  
For ought I know, suddainly.

Dem. Nay, prithee be clear with us, and tell us  
Thy own thoughts of the General.

Alex. By the Word of an Officer.

Dem. Who'll take it?

Alex. If you cannot take my Word, to what purpose  
Should I answer your question? Why I'll tell you,  
And you shall judge your selves, what will  
Become of him: These two days he hath  
Drunk nothing but Water, Eat nothing but Sallads,  
Talk'd nothing but Religion, and now and then falls

into



Into a long Fit of Prayer, that signifies nothing:  
If these be not Prognoſticks of a falling General,  
Then would I had all my Arrears.

*Dem.* Why? for your comforts, the Senate may hold fit to keep  
The Army up ſtill, and though the General lay down. 'Tis not impoſſible to find another will take up.

*VVill it hurt you to Receive your Money?*

*Alex.* Nay, nay for my part, I ſhall be contented, ſo  
I be paid amongſt a great many more,

That ſhall be happy to be retain'd in your Thoughts,

As men that dare empty their beſt Veins to ſerve you.

1. *Sen.* We have experience of your Valour Colonel.

2. *Sen.* And ſhall deſerve it.

*Alex.* Your moſt humble Servant.

*Exit Alexius.*

*Dem.* What think you now?

1. *Sen.* My Faith ſettles apace.

*Enter Cleomenes.*

*Dem.* 'Tis he: my Lord *Cleomenes*, my Heart

Leaps to congratulate your ſafe return.

(Gentlemen of the Senate of my Principles)

Your Victories were here before your Perſon;

Our Enemies in *Affrick* are all ſam'd.

*Cleo.* And *Dionysius* marching Home in Triumph.

I ſhall take an Opportunity after I have ſeen the

General, to give you a more particular accompt.

*Dem.* One Word, Sir, We have Wonders here, that

You expect not, ſtrange Revolutions.

*Cleo.* How?

*Dem.* I dare not tell you aloud, and it will aſk

Your ſtronge Faith, the General.

1. *Sen.* He is a moſt Noble Gentleman, and has

Preſerv'd the Honor of his Family,

And ſtill maintain'd his Current clear, uot mix'd

With foul rebellious Streams.

2. *Sen.* 'Twas his Fortune to be abroad when

*Damocles* began his Faction here; and, but ſince his Return,

And the Kings loſs engag'd with *Dionysius*, ---

*Cleo.* But that I know the Wiſdom and Friendſhip

Of good *Demetrius*, I ſhould ſuſpect

He would loſe my Faith; It frights my Reaſon:

Reſign his intereſt in the Army?

But who are thoſe approach us with grave Ceremony?

*Enter Hugo and others.*

*Is not this Hugo de Petra?*

*Dem.* The same : One that may write himself  
Knave General.

*Hugo.* My most Noble Lord : I know not whither I should

First deliver my Message from the General, or

Bid you Wellcom home from my self?

But 'tis good manners to Obey his Excellence.

*Cleo.* You preserve your ingenious Humor still.

*Hug.* Sir, I was Commanded to wait your Entrance into

The City ; and in the Generals name, to

Congratulate your return.

*Cleo.* He was ever gracious.

*Hug.* But that's not all, By his Command I am to Salute

You by the Title of Grand Master of the great

Castle of *Syracuse*, which is a Signal Mark of

His Confidence I will assure you : Leave off your Wonder,

And Read there.

*[Delivers him a Commission.]*

*Cleo.* It were no manners to distrust his Act,

Or your Relations, who have always been

A friend to trath.

*Hug.* Let me Kiss thy honorable Hand upon my own

Accompt ; If I have a soul? your Honor shall

Command it to your Service.

*1. Sen.* If he have a Soul? he makes a doubt on't.

*Cleo.* But 'tis too great an honor to *Cleomenes* ;

His goodness thus would prompt me to a worth ;

Who finding only some desires in me

To serve his just Commands, would quicken them

To some becoming Action ; but my Duty

Is not performed, till I wait upon him.

*Hug.* And we shall attend you ; my good Lord,

*Demaratus*, and Gentlemen.

*[Exit Hugo and Cleomenes.]*

*Dem.* This, beyond all confirms me.

*1. Sen.* A good Preface.

*Dem.* Excuse me Gentlemen, if some great affair

Call me hence : I'll not fail to meet you at

*Timoleons* Tombe : where, if things succeed

To expectation, I shall tell you something to startle you,

And you shall thank me for't.

*[Exit Demaratus.]*

*1. Sen.* But 'tis not without my Wonder,

That *Cleomenes*,

*Sen.* There's the policy : 'Tis frequent,  
When Princes fear a popular man, they labour  
To gain him to their party by preferments ;  
Nor is it safe yet to Irritate the Souldier,  
To whom *Cleomenes* stands Precious.

1. *Sen.* I know not what to think.

2. *Sen.* Think no more, let the gods play their Game out ;  
They are wise, and Mankind is their mockery :  
But we loose time ; I am for *Timoleon's* Tomb.

1. *Sen.* The Scean of our whole Fate lies there.

2. *Sen.* I wait upon you.

*Enter Damocles, Cleomenes, Hugo, Colonel Strato,  
Alexius, and Proclus.*

*Dam.* The Place I have confirm'd, is but an earnest  
Of that great debt is owing to your Services :  
You have made my Son a Souldier *Cleomenes* ;  
He cannot fail of Victory, that lives  
Near the example of so much Honor.

*Cleo.* I have perform'd my Duty ; All above it,  
Sir, is your Bounty.

*Dam.* But is *Timandra* within his Train of Captives ?  
Heir to the great *Numidian*, King *Opbella*, whose inquiet  
Armes kept us so much in Action.

*Cleo.* But his fall procur'd you many Victories.

*Dam.* A Princess of much Beauty by my Sons  
Description, so much excellency of Person  
And bravery, I guess there's something in't,  
Beside the naked Story : He does write as  
He were prompted by Affection.

*Cleo.* His Deportments have been fair to her,  
And like himself.

*Dam.* We shall see this Wonder :  
But what's the *Moore* he talks off ?

*Cleo.* A person of no mean Extraction,  
That came to shew his Valour in her Cause,  
Whom the impatient Courage of your Souldier  
Compel'd to wait upon *Timandra's* Fortune,  
And fills a place now in her Train.

*Dam.* 'Tis well *Cleomenes* : The present state  
Of things requires you, take possession  
Of the Castle, where I shall soon give you a visit :  
I have trusted you with *Siracuse*, and my self.

*Cleo.* To both I shall be faithful, Sir. [Exit Cleo.]

*Dam.* What think'st thou of him, *Hugo*?

*Hug.* You have done wisely to Secure him thus;  
This will Cajole the Citizens.

*Dam.* How now Gentlemen?

I thought you would have waited on *Cleomenes*.

To his new Charge; Your looks are Sullen: Ha!

This shews like an Affront to me, as you

Meant to dispute the Justice of my Favours.

*Col. Str.* We know *Cleomenes* is a Noble Gentleman;

And think your Excellence hath not been sparing

In your Reward: We hope you do remember,

VVe have fought for you too; In all your Fortunes

Shew'd both our Love and Courage.

*Dam.* Now I see, and pity your Envy; y<sup>e</sup> are not wise:

Can you remember this, and think I can

Forget my Veteranes, to whose constant Valour

I owe my Growth, my Glories, and my Self?

You cannot loose mein a Wilderness:

Though you should make no pursuit after me,

It would become my Care to finde you out,

To honour and reward you; and in confidence

That you are still the same Men that dare Execute

VVhen I command: This day I have determin'd

The Harvest of your Fortunes.

*Col. Alex.* We dare Execute whatever you Command.

*Dam.* *Hugo*, the List; acquaint 'em with my purpose;

Tuou art fit to be a Minister of State;

I will peruse their Faces.

*Hug.* Can you read Colonels?

*Col. Alex.* Doft make a question?

*Hug.* I cannot tell, 'tis not in your Commissions.

You must be acquainted with these Names: They'r Men

That must (Where sits the winde?) be knock'd on the Head,

And your work's done; all but examining

VVhat Baggs, Plate, Jewels, and such Trifles they

Have at Home. I cut out this work for you.

*Proc.* Excellent witty *Hugo*, thy designs oblige us all.

*Hug.* When you have done, I look for my Reward.

Sir, the Officers are very Reasonable, and will do my thing

You shall command --- For their own good.

*Dam.* Their Smiles assure my Happiness, and their own

VVhich shall grow uplike Twins.

*Hug.* If any will go off civilly and Compound

*Col. Sir.* What shall's do with 'em?

*Dam.* Give 'em Wings, to fly to any Region

Of the Air, or Earth, so we be rid of 'em.

This day I lay all down, and like the Sun

Set in my Evening Cloud : But yet may Rise.

*Hug.* Or my Astrology fails.

*Peroc.* More bright and glorious.

*Dam.* That to the gods and you.

*Hug.* You must not be drunk till the work be done.

But hark you Gentlemen : You are to Act great things.

Where's your Commission to Secure you?

*Sir.* That's true.

*Hug.* When you have done this dangerous Service, Where's

Your Order to defend you from the Gallows!

*Sir.* My thoughts were so taken up with the Hope

Of Plunder, I minded no Security.

*Hug.* I must provide for you all : 'Tis here then

Under the General's hand : This is your Commission

Peremptory, d'ee mark? This you must do.

And more you may do : For many things

Are left to your own discretions.

*Colonel.* As how?

*Hug.* If in that Company, or as you March, you see

Any man, whose Look, Fashion, or Beard, you

Like not ; 'Tis enough to make him a Delinquent,

And qualifie him for a Composition.

*Colonel.* Most ingenious *Hugo* : We are all bound to thee.

*Hug.* I shall see that by my Share in your Plunder.

*Enter Demaratius and Calanthe.*

*Cal.* You tell me wonders, Sir.

*Dam.* Let me Repeat 'em Madam.

This day will *Damocles* deliver up

His guilty Greatness, and lay by his Sword,

Hath been so fatal to your Family,

I am transported with my Hopes, and Prophecy

The hour approaches Madam, when you may

Like a bright Star (too long Eclips'd) Advance

Your glorious Head, and wear upon your Brow,

Those Beams, that best become your Name and Birth;

Daughter and Sister to a King.

*Cal.* Alas! both those Relations cease : my Father's dead.

And my dear Brother drown'd.

*Dam.*



*Dem.* Yet still you are *Calanthe*,  
Next of Blood, for whom the Stars  
Have finish'd their Consult to make you happy.

*Cal.* By *Damocle's* Reign? call home your Reason

My Lord, you gave me a preservation,

VVhen my misfortune knew not how to find,

Or parallel in Story, a more sad Image

Than mine did Represent. Do not undo

That goodness you have wrought by wishing me:

Believe, there can be truth or hope in *Damocle's*

At this time, when Success Courts him abroad,

And not a breath at home so bold, to murmur

At his Ambition, now lay down his Power?

He will sooner part with his right Arm:

*Dem.* When I remember, Madam, who you are,

And what your Royal Brother suffer'd;

A fair excuse, if you admit not this

To your belief. We all knew him a Villain:

But what's all this, if heaven have now decreed

He shall be a Convert?

*Cal.* Till the Earth witness it,

For whom 'tis partly meant, let us not throw

Nature and Reason off, the greatest Argument

You can assign, is, that he has advanc'd

*Cleomenes* to so great a Place of Trust:

A person of much Honour, and by fate

Employ'd at *Carthage*, when the Flames broke out

At home, in whose black Clouds my Brother Vanish'd.

A man of the best Race of the Nobility,

VVhose Valour hath endear'd him to the Soldiers,

And rather of the Generals Fear than Choice,

Call'd to the Power, which he can soon take off:

*Dem.* You are too full of Jealousie.

*Cal.* My Lord, you must not to *Timoleons* Tombe;

My soul presages, it will prove the Scean

Of some black Tragedy.

*Dem.* Hear me, Madam.

*Cal.* I know 'tis your Affection join'd with Duty

(That flatters you with Hope to see me prosper)

Invites you from me: But I'll not consent

To loose you so; my Father, Brother, all

My cruel Stars have left me.

*Dem.* I could chide your base fears: To wave my

Resolves now, were to be false to you and to my Country:



The Gods and Justice call me; and you, Madam,  
To expect the Glories that your Blood doth challenge.  
Which I shall timely urge, when *Damocles*  
Lays down his Interest in the State and Army,  
And when your Name is mention'd. ---

*Cal.* Still I fear.

*Dem.* Prepare for news Madam, to cure the tremblings  
Of your affrighted Heart. They stay for me;  
permit me to Kiss your Hand.

*Cal.* Since there's no Remedy. ---

*Dem.* You are gracious to dispence.

[*Exit, Dem.*]

*Cal.* Farewell my honest Lord; my soul divides  
VVe have had our last meeting in this world:  
'Tis time to call a Counsel of my thoughts,  
I am lost else. ---

[*Exit, Cal.*]

*Enter Officers solemnly, one after another, carrying a Sword,  
and other Armes of the General's Commission upon a rich  
Cushion, a Page before Damocles, at-  
tended by Hugo and others.*

*Dam.* *Hugo*, How dost like this Ceremony?

Do not I look now like a walking Hearse?

*Hug.* Most rarely; but 'twere fit you made a halt,  
You will arrive too soon, before the Knaves  
Be all met at the Tombe: A thin Convention  
VVill spoil the sport, I always lov'd to see  
Full Audience in the Theatre; 'tis the credit  
And glory of an Action, and I must  
Applaud your Brain for this Design, who might  
Have done your business without half this trouble.

*Dam.* There's the Delight, the mischief is my Luxury:  
To Raise 'em high, then Crush 'em in their Swelling.  
I do not wish my self Born to the Inheritance  
Of this great Island: Hang long Pedegrees,  
Titles of Blood, and empty Fables of  
Our Ancestors; A Ladder by which Fools  
And Changlings may ascend to greatest Empires;  
I will create a Claim to every Kingdom  
VVithin my Reach: It speaks the greater Power;  
And frights a Nation, which should be us'd  
To terror, lest their saucy pride and ease  
Make cheap the Person of their Sovereign.

C

*Hug.*

*Hug.* How every thing becomes you? We arrive  
*Timely*: Do you not hear a Noise and Outcry  
 I'th' Temple; Sir, the Gates are spread: So, so,  
 The Souldiers have been at it.

*The Scen Timeleons Tombe, where things appear in some  
 confusion, the Souldiers knocking down Senators, and  
 some are carried off wounded.*

*Dam.* Whether most Reverend Fathers?

*Hug.* Sir, the press of People is so great expecting  
 Your Excellency, that these venerable Gentlemen  
 Did faint for want of Air; and are  
 Now led forth to Breath. ---- their Last. [Aside]

*Dam.* Alas! Convey 'em gently to a Refreshing.

*2. Sen.* Impudence! 'Tis thy Treachery: Expect  
 A black Reward.

*1. Sen.* Dost thou not fear a Thunder-bolt?

*Officers.* March, March on.

*Exeunt Senat.*

*Hug.* Those that remain are your own Creatures Sir,  
 And most of 'em my Cuckolds, their Wives,  
 Shall bear me witness. [Aside]

*Dam.* They Represent a Counsel of the Gods.

*Hug.* Had they all Provinces in Heaven, they would  
 Relinquish 'em to you, and be damn'd to serve you.

*Dam.* Grave, honour'd Gentlemen,  
 True Patriots and Preservers of your Country,  
 Whose Bosome was late panting, and her Check  
 Pale with the loss of Blood, the Purick Sword  
 Had Ravish'd from her: I come not to shake you  
 With Terrors of new War, nor to ask Pay  
 For your bold Souldiers, by whose Valour you  
 Enjoy your Shade: Sleep quietly, and Foes  
 Abroad calm as the Dust that covers 'em:  
 At home no Relick of the publick Enemy  
 That fill'd your Streets with blood. *Young Cleander*  
 Is out of Capacity to give You  
 Alarm in this World, unless he can,  
 After so long a sleep i'th' Waves, break from  
 His gloomy habitation, and his Sister  
 (In her self inconsiderable were she alive)  
 Hath to my knowledg been long since a Tenant  
 To her cold Grave in this Conjunction of  
 Affairs; your weary General

*Doth*

Doth at your feet lay down his Sword, and all  
That power to Act you gave him.

1. *Sen.* How's this?

2. *Sen.* It must not be Sir.

[*The Senators rise.*]

*Hug.* So, so; they are perfect I see, and he dissembles  
To my own Heart: The Devil cannot match him.

[*Aside.*]

*Dam.* It remains only that I humbly beg  
(Grave Fathers) your consent, that I may now  
(There being no further use of me, already  
Tyr'd with the careful conduct of your Arms,  
Retreat into a private life, and spend  
My rest of days in Prayer, that you may live  
A flourishing State.

3. *Sen.* Will you desert us then;

*Dam.* Good Heaven avert so foul a Thought: I shall  
Be near you still, and after refreshment,  
If danger dare approach, at your first call  
Take up my Sword again, and in your Cause  
Give up my Life, your Safety, or your Sacrifice.

4. *Sen.* However your great soul will not allow  
A sense of danger, Sir we are not safe,  
If you will not resume your Sward and Power,  
I speak the General Vote.

2. *Sen.* You do not Sir

(VVith pardon of your Gravity) Resch  
VVhat we most desire: In justice Sir  
To your great prudence of so eminent Valour  
To which we owe our Lives, our Liberties,  
And what else we enjoy. We humbly pray  
You would exchange the Title of our General,  
And take from us the offer of a Kingdom.  
The Crown cannot be plac'd upon a Head  
So much deserves it.

*Hug.* Thou Boy!

3. *Sen.* As it were,  
Ingratitude in us to Court your Virtue  
VVith any less Oblation; So it will be  
The great Unhappiness within our Fate  
If you refuse it. Sir, in mine, you hear  
The Breach of all.

*Om.* All, All.

*Hug.* Now must he Cant a little.

1. *Dam.* I do not understand you Gentlemen,  
Pray speak again.

[*Aside.*]

*Hug.* He cannot hear't too often.

3. *Sen.* Here we divest our selves of Power and Name.  
Of useles Senators, and all Bow to you.  
As humble Subjects.

2. *Sen.* All ready with our persons to attend,  
And, declare it to the People.

*Dam.* You amaze me Gentlemen; Collect your Wisdoms,  
I am consum'd already with less Cares,  
Too feeble to sustain a Crown (I think,  
VVith pardon you did Name the Word.) My sleeps  
Under that little Province I enjoy'd  
Before were thin; and those poor slumbers full  
Of Trouble and Distraction: 'Twill be justice,  
That under such a Weight I never sleep;  
So much will the Concernment of my Cares,  
For you oblige me to perpetual waking?  
I dare not Gentlemen give Entertainment  
To such ambitious Thoughts, Among your selves  
How many worthier men to sit at Helme,  
Not one in all this Circle but is qualified,  
To Guide a Nation: I have no Name,  
No Birth, no Images: Nothing in Annals  
To speak the Glory of one Predecessor:

*Sen.* This is your modesty, which cannot be  
Greater then the Necessity upon us

To live under a Royal shade: You have  
An influence upon him: pray Sir speak:

*Hug.* You hear what Necessity there is:  
You'll break their hearts if you deny'm.

*Dam.* Gentlemen, Vouchsafe me  
But some few Hours to Consider.

*Hug.* Hours? They will be dead within this half hour.  
If you refuse it. Pity the Venerable Gentlemen:  
Observe they Weep, and I doe melt to see'em.

*Dam.* I cannot stand the storm of this Affection,  
Doe with me what you please: Although you make  
Me King, I hope I may take leave to Call  
My self your servant in my Heart, and study  
By all the duties of a Prince---

1. *Sen.* Wee are all satisfied.

2. *Sen.* Sir we all wait on you,  
And think our Happiness Incomplete, till  
VVe hear the Voyce of all the Citizens,  
Our noise the Trumpets at your Coronation

VWith long five Damosles King of Scipily.

*Dam.* The works done.

*Hug.* Heark the noise is Catching.

*Dam.* He that Aspires, must know no Conscience:

I see 'tis easier to be great than good:

Some Trees thrives best whose Roots are warm'd in Blood. *Exeunt omnes*

### *Actus Secundus.*

*Enter Hugo, Strato, Proclus.*

*Hug.* Come let me see your Bills of Mortality: How many  
Have dyed this week of the Bloody Sweat? [Reads.]

Three Senatours knock'd o'th' Head at *Timoleons*  
Tombe, and four in the Street for not holding  
Their peace; Six Senatours drown'd, thrown

From a Precipice into the Sea. Two and twenty buried alive.

How buried alive?

*Pro.* Why, these were Totally plundred, or Compounded  
At so high a Rate for their Liberty; they must  
Starve presently; Which we call burying alive.

*Hug.* That's right: Well Gentlemen, I have been  
Studying for you, and have found out more Employment,  
Unless your Conscience have enough, and in that want  
Of wit have an inclination to live Honest.

*Strato.* You have better thoughts of us.

*Pro.* What is't dear Sir?

*Hug.* Observe me: I will procure you Commissions  
VWhen you please to talk witty Treason.

*Strato.* Thank you; and so when the State please we may  
Be ingeniously hang'd for't.

*Hug.* Y're dull Officers, and doe not Reach the Knack;  
Yet I'll tell you: You shall insinuate into  
The Company of discontented Persons.

*Pro.* So, Sir.

*Hug.* You will have the Wit to choose men of a sound  
Kidney; that have Estates I mean, and can  
Endure to bleed in the Mettal Vein.

*Strato.* What then: We understand this.

*Hug.* Comply with the'r discourses, and Humour every  
Complaint upon this turn of State: Aggravate  
The Infolence of the Court, the want of Trade  
In the City, and the heavy oppression of the People.



Can't Weep; Drink with 'em, Winde up  
 Their pity into Anger, and with the t'other Cup  
 Pinch up their Anger into Curfes of the present  
 Government: After you see 'em Ripen with some  
 Impertinent Cautional Parenthesies, which you  
 Mult use (As I hope their's none but Friends)  
 Whisper a Health to the Confusion of the Usurper.

*Sira.* To his Confusion? Good, and what Follows?

*Hug.* When this is done, or so much as Opportunity  
 VVill give way too: Embracing some One affectionately,  
 Dropping into a melancholly posture, Call the Drawer  
 And pay all the Reckoning.

*Sira.* We pay it all?

*Hug.* By any means you must seem honourable: their's  
 The Trapan, it will create their Confidence to other  
 Meetings, to which they may invite more  
 Of the forlorne Tribe, and perhaps beget a design,  
 Or some Engagement for the Cause: To be short,  
 VVhen you have wrought the business to a Height,  
 Or Schrew'd 'em into an Action; send for Souldiers  
 At the next Guard: Charge 'em confidently with  
 High Treason, and bring 'em before me.

*Pro.* But they may Recriminate upon us.

*Hug.* Where are your memories? You shall have a Commission  
 To be Knaves, talk Treason *cum privilegio*, like good  
 Subjects to find out the States Enemies: and if they  
 Escape climbing the Tree for't, their Estates shall Suffer.  
 Out of which shall be defalk'd large sums for your  
 Honest Services: And what harm's in all this Now?

*Sira.* None in the world most ingenious *Hugo*.

*Pro.* Admirable *Hugo*.

[*Exeunt.*  
*They embrace him.*]

*Enter Calanthe disguised.*

*Cal.* Farewell *Demaratus*; and Farewell *Calanthe*,  
 For I am lost too although I walk thus  
 In this thin shadow that doth shroud my Being,  
 Compell'd by Tyranny of my Fate like some  
 Vessel distrest to shift all Sail, and stand  
 VVhat Windes are pleas'd to Blow: Nothing is left now,  
 But in this Cloud to attempt *Cleomenes*;  
 VVhose Faith must either guide my Will to live,  
 Or his neglect lead me a nearer way.

*Enter*



*Enter a Servant to Cleomenes.*

To death; Sir, do you serve my Lord *Cleomenes*

*Serv.* Or I am paid to no purpose.

*Cal.* I'll not examine that: pray give him knowledge;

A Gentleman desires to speak with him.

*Serv.* To avoid impertinent Errands, I'll consider

Whether your business may be worth his Trouble or no.

*Cal.* That's out of your Commission (I suppose) to Judge.

*Serv.* Young Gentleman, you are mistaken, in such Cases

As yours, I have heard and determin'd my selfe: Hnm!

The Governour is at this Time is engag'd to Serious Business.

*Cal.* I know yours then: Here---prethee acquaint him

That I wait.

*Serv.* Cry you mercy, Sir: I find your Business Weighty.

*Cal.* I tremble at my self before I see him.

What if this Lord should now prove false?

Since Friendship but too often follows Fortune,

Perhaps he is involv'd to Act which those

That Rule; and neither Will, nor Dares beyond it.

Where am I then? And which is worse then all

Accounts of Danger, should he when I am known

Give up my Honour, or my Life, to gratifie

The Tyrants Lust!

*Enter Cleomenes.*

'Tis He: His looks are troubled, but I see no

Line within his Face to doubt his honour.

*Cleo.* With me Sir?

*Cal.* Sir, I have a business to you of great Concern.

A Secret too not fit for every Ear.

*Cleo.* Withdraw.

*Cal.* I am a stranger to you, and perhaps

You may want Faith to Credit my Relation

At first; but when you have heard me out---

*Cleo.* Proceed.

*Cal.* It is believ'd in *Siracuse* that a Sister

To the late King (by name *Calanthe*)'s dead.

*Cleo.* *Calanthe*! 'Tis so, or at least this Island

Contains her not: But grant her dead.

*Cal.* I must not.

*Cleo.* How?

*Cal.*

*Cal.* Sir, She is living: to my knowledge, living:  
I know upon what Bosom I repose  
This Trust: You have been held a noble Lord,  
And Friend to Innocence.

*Cleo.* I Smell a Snare.

[*Aside.*

The Devil is at work already, But  
He shall find me Arm'd: To your knowledge living?  
Young man, if thou can'st make this clear, and that  
The Person thou hast nam'd by any Art  
Of thine may be invited hither, Ask  
Thy own reward: The King shall thank the for't,  
To whom thou canst not doe a service more  
Acceptable: and I shall think it Happiness  
By thy Consent to be an instrument

To ferde his unquiet Thoughts. *Calambe,*

After so strict an inquisition

Brought to our Hands? No Reward can be enough.

*Cal.* Reward, for What?

*Cleo.* Betraying to our Justice the Person of *Calambe.*

*Cal.* Oh my Heart! My Fears are come about.

*Cleo.* Where is she? Speak: I will command a Guard  
To wait upon her.

*Cal.* Command all the Furies.

I am mistaken, you are not *Cleomenes*,  
Upon whose Heart I durst have laid my Soul,  
VVhose Fame was never Straind with a dishonour:  
You are some Monster of the Time: Good Heavens,  
VVhy doe you allow him such an honest Face?

*Cleo.* How's this? You will discover

Where this fair Lady is?

*Cal.* Not to Redeem thee

From that dark place thy Soul is meant for, Hell;  
Though I am young I have Fortitude  
Above thy malice, and give my self  
A Sacrifice to Virtue with more ease  
Than thou canst name it: I already see  
My confidence hath betrayed me to a Man  
That hath sold all the Honour of his Family  
To buy the Favour of a bloody Tyrant.

*Cleo.* Be not so loud.

*Cal.* Be you selfs impious, good Heaven!

Open thy Azure Curtain and permit  
My Brothers Soil to look down to see me now  
Bleeding and panting, at the Feet of once

His

His Friend *Cleomenes*. Doe not think bad man  
 One tear of these speaks any grief to die,  
 Bat to have found thee false : Here, Take *Calanthe*,  
 And carry her a Tryumph to the Rage  
 Of your new Master.

*Cleo*. There's trembling in my blood : *Calanthe* ! ha !  
 Though sorrows have endeavour'd to destroy  
 Her Beauty ; She retaines enough to make me  
 Believe she lives : 'Tis the distressed Princess,  
 Howere that Habit would Obscure her.  
 Madam, (for I dare call you so) admit  
*Cleomenes* to your Charity and forgive me.  
 We neither seem'd our selves : You for your safety,  
 And I suspecting a design upon me  
 From *Damocles* Agents.

*Cal*. Are you honest then ?

*Cleo*. And shall be ever : Madam, my Eyes cannot  
 Be weary of this Happiness to see you.

*Cal*. And dare you Sir protect me ? I am too blame  
 To tempt you with a Care of my Distress  
 That have been fatal to those Hands preserv'd me :  
 Honest *Damocles*, If I drop a Tear when  
 I doe mention him, you'll be so kind  
 To excuse me, and to pardon my Rash Language ;

[Weep.]

*Cleo*. Dare protect you Madam ?

For your sake I will dare the worst of Fortune,  
 And Act what Honour can expect or dictate :  
 I think it a high Favour from the Gods,  
 And could even blest the miseries that brought you,  
 But prudence will be necessary, till  
 Things Ripen to your Freedom and just Merit.

*Cal*. You may own me as Page.

*Cleo*. It will be safe.

*Cal*. I shall observe my distances.

*Cleo*. Ha !

*Enter Hugo.*

*Hug*. The King is come to Visit you.

*Cleo*. It is a grace to his unworthy Servant.

D

*Enter*

*Enter Damocles attended.*

**Dam.** Let one ascend the Platform of the Castle, and Give me notice when they approach the City.

**Cleomenes,** I am come to bid a joy To your new Government.

**Cleo.** You are ever bountifull.

*[Hespius Calanche.]*

**Dam. Hugo,** What pretty Boy is that?

**Hug.** I know not Sir, a very handsome Face, but if you have a mind to have a Boy, know a Face VWill tempt you.

**Dam.** **Cleomenes,** What Youth is that?

**Cleo.** A Page of mine.

**Dam.** A very prery Boy, he shall wait on me.

**Cal.** Defend me Goodness.

*[Aside.]*

**Dam.** Come hither prery Youth, What's thy Name.

**Col.** I am called *Polydore.*

**Cleo.** 'Tis well he ask'd not me.

*[Aside.]*

*Enter Alexius.*

**Alex.** Sir, The Prince *Dyonisius* and the Army are now Marching within clear view of the City.

**Dam.** *Alexius* and the rest Rid forth to meet 'em, Salute my Son from me, and tell him it is my VVill So soon as he Reach the Out-works of the City, that He And the Prisoners of greatest Quality attend me here I'th' Castle, the rest Rendevouz without the VValls Till further Order: I'th' mean time, We take Some prospect of their March.

**Cal.** VVhat can secure me now?

**Cleo.** Madam, I'll send one to convey you hence.

**Cal.** And what will you do then?

**Cleo.** So you be safe, Let all the lives of Danger Meet here, and center in my Heart.

*[Cleom. officers to go off.]*

**Cal.** My Lord come back, and hear me; I have thought a way.

**Cleo.** Things must not be delay'd; Oh speak it.

**Cal.** It may preserve us both, till some kind Star Smile on us: Come, you shall present me to him.

**Cleo.** I will present this sooner to my Heart.

*[Points to his Sword.]*

**Did you** propose *Cleomenes* your Defence From the fierce Tygar, and do I hear you

Bid me now give you up his prey: Did you  
So late accute me in your Jealousie  
Of my lost Faith, and after so few minutes  
Advise me to betray you?

*Cal.* Alas, my Lord,  
There is necessity, I must be undone;  
And let me chuse my VVay.

*Cleo.* Consider better.

*Cal.* I have to keep the safe, who by denial  
Of this small gift must draw his Rage against thee,  
And ruin both.

*Cleo.* And i'll be rash as Passion to Oppose it.

*Cal.* VVill that help me in such a straight: who must  
Upon his least Command be compel'd from you.  
Your Courage is not now my Friend: there is  
No time for more dispute: By all thy love,  
By thy own Duty, as thou lov'st my Life  
And Honour I command thee.

*Cleo.* I am charm'd to Obedience, Madam.

*Cal.* I have not Suffer'd to that Height of misery  
To throw off all Hopes in Providence: This  
VVill confirm thee in the Tyrants thoughts, who may  
Suspect me else a VVoman, and perhaps  
The same thou would'st preserve: He is  
Return'd, be Confident.

*Enter Damocles and Hugo.*

*Dam.* Now my good Lord, Ha I still methinks that Boy  
Is full of Beauty: VVilt thou change thy Master?

*Cleo.* He cannot Sir, but be ambitious of it,  
And I am proud if you accept him from me.

*Dam.* He shall be my Page:  
Thou hast too good a Face to be a Boy.

*Cal.* You make me over happy: Will talk no more  
If any blessed Spirits be design'd  
To guard poor Mortalls, let 'em Hover here  
*Calanthe's Aid.*

*Hugo.* I'll search him if you please.

*Dam.* No 'tis a Boy.

*Hugo.* VVould I were sure of a Female with so good  
Face for this nights Bed-fellow.

*Enter*



*Enter Dyonisius, Alexius, Strato, Dion. Scrophilus.*

Sir, The Prince.

*Dam.* VVelcome to *Siracuse* my Son, and to  
Thy Fathers best embrace, who thinks no Blessing  
Can drop from Heaven so welcome, as to Hear  
Thou hast a Name in VVar.

*Dio.* Sir, I must Owe-  
To Heaven, and your great Precepts what hath made me  
Seem worth your Favour; and next them a Debt  
We must acknowledge to *Cleomenes*,  
Whose Counsel, and Example made us Fortunate.

*Dam.* Again my thanks to you Sir: But where is  
The Queen *Timandra*? and the more you character'd  
So brave an Enemy? I desire to see' em,  
Attend' em hither.

*Enter Timandra and the Moor with Attendants.*

The Treasures of the East can't afford  
So rich a Present. Madam, you are welcome.  
She weeps, and yet looks fair as doth the Face of Day,  
VVhen it's wash'd with morning Dews.  
Madam, I hope my Son hath made no forfeit  
Of his Honour, Since you left your Country  
Under his Conduct.

[*She weeps.*]

*Tim.* Your Son hath us'd me honourably, abating what  
The Laws of War oblige him too: You can't  
Bar the Resentment of my own condition,  
That thus contributes to your Triumph;  
A Queen, your Prisoner.

*Dam.* Nothing can have here:  
The face of a Confinement to your Person,  
You are Queen *Timandra* still; and let me tell you  
So far from being a Prisoner, that you have made  
Your self a Conquest.

*Tim.* How?

*Dam.* A Victory of me, by those fair Eyes;  
So that what Spoil my Souldiers made within  
Your Kingdom, you have Reveng'd this very minute  
By making me the Conquerour, your Captive.

*Tim.* I know not what this means.

*Dam.* It shall appear (if you will give a little

Truce



Truce to your Passion, Madam) that you were  
Sent hither by the Gods to make you happy  
And greater.

*Tim.* Still beyond my Understanding,  
I cannot be more miserable : Death  
Hath not a sting beyond what now afflicts me.

*Dam.* Be wise and tame those Fears : Nothing is meant  
Here, but your Honour and a Liberty  
Beyond what you enjoy'd : The Crown you wear,  
If you but smile shall have a double Lustre,  
And call to it another bright Companion ;  
This Island to Obey you..

*Dionis.* Oh my Fate !  
He Courts her : Have I for this  
Stiff'd my thoughts of Love so long, in Hope  
To gain him for my Advocate ? and do I hear  
His passionate Addresses ?

[Aside.]

[Aside.]

*Tim.* Now I conclude you mock me Sir, this shadow  
You have in your possession, but my Soul  
Can never be your Captive.

*Clea.* Brave *Timandra*.

[Aside.]

*Dam.* In this Angelique form I see you have  
The passion of a Women : You are Angry,  
When you have better thought upon't you may  
Call in this cold neglect, and think me worthy  
Your highest Favours : --- Son, you may attend the Queen,  
Call back that Moor : your Name ?

*Clea.* *Hierbas*.

{ *Exit* *Dionisius*.  
{ and *Timandra*.

*Dam.* Your Condition ?

*Clea.* A *Lybian* born : my Extraction Honourable,  
I was bred up in King *Opbella's* Court,  
After whose death (before unripe for Action)  
It pleas'd the Queen to think me worthy of  
Her chief Command of Horse against your Army :  
How I behav'd me in that Trust your own  
Souldiers inform you ; I am now your Prisoner,  
Ready for Death or Ransom.

*Dam.* It may be in your own power to deserve  
Your Freedom : Think on't : Withdraw.

{ *Whispers*  
{ *Exit* *Moor*.

*Enter* *Dionysius*.

*Dionis.* Sir, I have an humble Suit.

*Dam.* I must deny thee nothing : But defer it,

I have something that is near me to Consider.

*Dionif.* Near you Sir, I am your Son.

*Dam.* Do you affect the Queen?

*Dionif.* 'Tis in my Heart contest : and Sir, I hope,  
You will consent to make me further happy.

*Dam.* Call in those thoughts, and be your self Remove. --- [*Exit Dion.*]

I bid him be himself, and cannot Curb

My own effeminate Passion. --- Now she's gone,

I am at ease : Why, how now *Damocles* ?

Hast thou beheld the Horror of a Battle?

Stood all the danger of the Sea and Fire?

Heard groans that shook the Dead unmov'd and constant?

And shall the magick of a Voice or Face,

That perhaps owes its Beauty to a Pencil,

Betray thee into paleness, and a fear

Of every frown, and think it Happiness,

If she but Counterfeit a Smile upon thee?

Wake, wake, my Soul, and do thy noble Office

Upon my Heart, that now is Shrunk and Creeping

To be a Females Scorn. Who will Obey me,

When I Un-king my self? Ha! I am arm'd

Against her Charms : It is too like a Virtue

To be Love : Who waits? Where is the Queen?

*Enter Dionysius and Cleomenes leading the Queen by the Hand,  
with Cleander.*

The Devil has a Claw within me still.

[*Starts at their Approach.*]

There is some Witchcraft in her Eyes and person

That softens me agen --- *Dionysius.*

Now I commend thy prudence that dost offer

With thy own Hand what is so pretious to me.

*Dionif.* If you please, this may have other Application :

I can Challenge no Affection from the Queen,

But for your Kingdom I wonot leave my

Hopes, she may at last look kindly

On my Intentions.

*Dam.* What if I love her?

You will not be my Rival?

*Dionif.* With your pardon ;

If you be not Cruel to your Son,

Deny me not what every Souldier looks on,

The purchase of his Sword : She is my Prisoner :

The Law of Armes gives her to me,

*Dam.*

*Dam.* Fools will be Clerks before they Read : I blush at thee ;

The Law of Armes gives no propriety  
Of persons : when we make 'em Prisoners,

The Ransome they may Challenge : If thou hast

An Avarice so low it shall be paid thee.

Cherish no other Hopes, lest I be angry.

*Dionis.* This my Reward ?

*Tim.* Sir, I intreat, your Son may not, for his  
Civilities to me, meet with your Anger.

*Dam.* His best Regards to you became his Honour,

I hope, you will not Frown on mine. I have

This Madam only more to say ; You shall

But change your Pallace for my Court, Which will

Receive new Honour by your presence, Whilst

I change the name of King to be your servant.

*Tim.* This I expected not, and blush a little,

To find my self deceiv'd : I only pray,

This noble Moor, whose Fate hath suffer'd much

In mine, may have a part in your high Favour

And Freedome.

*Dam.* Sir, you have it : Now, Madam, I'll wait on you.

*Dionis.* *Cleomenes*, hast thou Art to give a name  
to this Affront ?

*Cleo.* I am sorry Sir to witness it, his passion wonot last,  
pray let me follow you.

*Dionis.* My Lord, I have found your Love ; Loose not the King.

O my enraged Soul beats to get forth :

It is too full of Flame to come abroad yet,

But I must not grow old with this Dishonour,

His Act hath disoblig'd my Blood, which will

Admit no Calm, until by Force or Art,

I tear the fair *Timandra* from his Heart.

*Exeunt Dam.*

*Leading Tim.*

*and Cleandra.*

*[Cleom. goes off.]*

*[Exeunt.]*

## Actus Tertius.

*Enter Cleander and Timandra.*

*Clean.* How shall I give my Grief a name that Live,

And yet am worse than lost ? misfortune never

Declar'd me miserable, till this Hour.

For while I Read bright Comforts in thy Eyes,

See my self lov'd and promis'd to be once

The

The happy Owner of thy self, and Virtue;  
I do Behold a Hand would Snatch thee from me.

*Tim.* It must be the cold Hand of Death. I promis'd  
My Love to you with such devotion,  
As with our last Breath gives up our Souls  
To Heaven: And those that dare lay Violence  
Upon our mutual Vows shall Reap the fruit  
Of nothing but their Sins.

*Clean.* Thou art excellently good: Perfection has  
No name in Nature large enough for thine,  
And what am I, to merit so much Goodness?  
Thou canst not chuse but see how much I am  
A darkning to thy Lustre: every Smile  
Bestow'd on me, is but a Sun-beam cast  
Upon a Rock, which cannot pay the Gift  
With any thing but Barrenness: The gods  
For some offence are Angry all with me,  
So much, that 'twere a Sin almost to ask  
A kindness from above for thee, lest they  
Punish thy Virtue for my sake.

*Tim.* Or yours rather for me.

*Clean.* My Stars have made a Faction in Heaven,  
And poison'd all the Influence of thine,  
Which else would be less cruel, and take thee  
Into their kinder Conduct. Is't not then  
A Justice to Remove me from thy Love?  
Then all thy Grief would Vanish soon with me,  
Or else command me to Act something for  
Thy sake, which in the doing may destroy me.

*Tim.* You do not think I can be so unkind  
To impose a danger upon you, whom I  
Have Beg'd of Heaven; and whose misfortunes I have  
Wept for as my Sins, and wish'd 'em wholly mine,  
So I might ease your Breast: You have forgot,  
I only Live in you, and when you dye,  
*Timandra* is destroy'd, I shall despise  
The Tyrants Policy and Rage. ---

*Clean.* Thou hast nam'd the Reason,  
Why 'tis fit I should not Live.

*Tim.* To see my Contancy?

*Clean.* And what must follow;  
A constant persecution of thy Innocence.

*Tim.* 'Tis Conquest that way to be Overcome:  
I am sure you would lose so.

*Clean.* I know thy Blood will throw severe Disda ins  
Upon this bold Usurper, who neglected,  
May by his Rage be prompted to more Wickedness,  
While I must be an idle Looker on.  
And See thy Goodness war against thy Safety,  
Like a tame Cipher, keep a place within  
Thy Breast, to encrease the number, when thou hast  
A mind to sum thy Grievs.  
This is not all; thou art to Combat with  
Another Serpent of a softer mould,  
Perhaps more dangerous, when deceiv'd his Son,  
When t' other cannot by his fiercer Nature.  
This may Attempt to catch thee with an Art,  
Betray thee with a Charme of seeming Innocence,  
And with Civilities attempt to Cheat,  
If possible, thy Virtue.

*Tim.* How I could chide you now: It is not well  
At this Time, when our Loves, our Lives, and Honours  
Are most concern'd, and ask our wisest Counsel  
And strength to guard 'em, to take off our Courage,  
By numbring up our dangers; as if Death,  
Which sums them all, were more Considerable  
Than our own Honour to be arm'd against it.

*Clean.* Thou hast awak'd  
My Soul and Reason: I have said too much,  
Which not Consider'd, Springing from my Love  
And Fear of thee, were above all Forgiveness.  
Thy pardon will Restore me to my self:  
Here I throw off my melancholy dream.

*Tim.* Heaven will have care of both.

*Clean.* Thy words are Prophecies.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Madam, the Prince *Dionysius*.

*Clean.* It may advance something, if you speak kindly  
To the young Highness, who may be Honorably  
Preserv'd, and be of use to our Necessities:  
The gods allow us prudence.

*Tim.* I'll withdraw.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

E

Enter



*Enter Dionysius.*

*Clea.* Your Highness humble Servant ; I rejoyce  
To see you cheerful Sir ; the Queen was thinking,  
The late unkindness of your Father, might  
Have made too deep Imprison in your thoughts.

*Dionis.* 'Twas an Affront shook my Obedience. --- But you see  
I wear a quiet Face.

*Clea.* I see you can Retain, Your filial Piety.

*Dionis.* I preserve  
My thoughts in their own purity to the Queen,  
And came to kiss her Hand.

*Enter Timandra.*

*Clea.* She's coming forth.  
I'll leave you.

*Dionis.* Your near Relation may do me a Favour  
When I am absent, by some friendly mention, ---  
I may deserve it.

*Clea.* You have already Sir.

*Dionis.* Madam, it was not  
A want within me of that most Religious  
Esteem I owe to your person, that I did not  
shew more of passion in my late Affront,  
And you concern'd.

*Tim.* You shew'd a noble temper  
And piety to your Father.

*Dionis.* I hope Madam,  
You wonot think my soul so much a Coward  
To quit the least thought of my Honoring you,  
The Pride and Glory of your Sex : I hold it  
A greater Blessing to call you Mistris, than  
him Father.

*Tim.* But with your Highness pardon,  
Here's nothing of ill Consequence consider'd,  
Or to your self or me : And dangers have  
But ill Invitements to Affection.  
Though you have made me Captive, I am not  
Soweary of my self to wear new Chains.  
What is your Father's Court to me? A Prison,  
But with more Paint and Ornament : I take  
The Garden Air, sometimes the Fields, or Grove.

But

But not without your Father, in whose absence  
I want not spies upon me : In each Chamber  
And Gallery : And this he calls by Liberty,  
And glorious Freedom : But you cannot help it,---

*Dionisi.* Madam, I came to tell you that I can  
And will, if you consent.---

*Tim.* To what,

*Dion.* To accept it as my Service and my Duty,  
I know you look upon me now with wonder,  
Forgive me, and forget I brought you hither  
To exercise the greatness of your Virtue,  
And when I kiss this sacred Hand, let it  
Bind like an Oath (that's sworn by all the Gods)  
I will not rest 'till you are free again  
Out of the reach and force of *Siracusa*  
In your own Kingdom ; where your Subjects eyes,  
To see you agen Surpriz'd with your blest presence,  
Shall weep their sudden joys, and dye contented.  
Nay, in your own Court, Madam, where I found you,  
When you were praying unto stubborn Heaven  
That heard you not. If all this be not done  
By mee, and ere the Sun three times Rejoyce  
The world with Day, Conclude that I am dead.  
And one thing, Madam, more : I scorn to make  
A Price, or name my own Reward : when this  
Is perfect, you may please to think I lov'd you.

*Tim.* You have nam'd such things Sir, (give me your pardon)  
I have not hope enought to think 'em possible ;  
But such an Act would merit much.---

*Dion.* I must  
Seem calme and easie to my Father 'till  
It come to Action : the method is already  
Form'd in my Brain : All that is good attend you. [Exit.

*Enter Cleander.*

*Clean.* I am glad to see these Smiles aboard.

*Tim.* I have a story will concern our happiness  
This *Dionisius* may be noble.

*Clean.* I mainly doubt it, Madam : If the Devil  
Should spawn a Saint it would be wonderful.

E a

Enter

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Madam, a young Gentleman from the King,  
Humbly desires Access.

*Tim.* We are interrupted ;  
I guess upon what Embassy he comes : Please you,  
Withdraw.

*Enter Calanthe.*

*Clean.* He's young and handsome ; What great pity it is  
He should be a Knave so soon ? But the Usurper  
Is cunning to engage such Innocent Faces,  
To abuse our fond Belief : How the Urchin throws  
His eyes upon me ? As he would stare me  
Out o'th' Presence.

[Exit Cleander.]

*Clean.* Madam, I hope you will vouchsafe your pardon  
If to express a service for your just  
Concerns, I beg a Freedom.

*Tim.* You attend the King ?

*Cal.* Madam, I do, but am now his Messenger.

*Tim.* I like it better.

*Cal.* Though I bring with me what is fit for Princes  
To hear, the Language of an humble Heart,  
That in the general interest to Virtue  
Comes to unlade it self, and do you service.

*Tim.* Thou givest thy business a spacious preface,  
And by thy looks it should be fair : But yet  
Sweet youth take heed the Court (thou com'st from) do not  
Instruct thee wrong : Thou serv'st a Master wise  
Enough to Teach.---

*Cal.* My attendance on the King, Madam, doth carry  
No early date, and if you dare believe me  
My time hath been to mourn, not to admire  
Transactions of the Court : Some tears I have wept,  
(Though a stranger to your Person) for your sake.

*Tim.* Prethee take off my wonder, and be clear :  
This Language would invite me to believe  
There were some Danger near.

*Cal.* I would give it a Name  
That should not fright you : for it is  
Within your choice, timely to scatter a'l  
Those hovering Clouds that may involve you in  
Too late Repentance.

*Tim.*

*Tim.* Still thou art obscure.

*Cal.* It is no secret in the Court; The King  
(For that he has made his Title now) does love you.

*Enter Damocles.*

*Dam.* Ha ! what makes that Boy here--- He observe. [*He observes of*

*Cal.* And cherishes a hope by marriage  
To fix his never satisfied Ambition.

*Tim.* This is not thy Concernment.

*Cal.* But it will

Be yours too soon, and justly may be mine  
Who have a Heart that inward bleeds to see  
So great a Queen, and more than great in Virtue  
Made a Tyrants hopes.

*Tim.* Thy duty to the King obliges thee  
To wish him well although my Ruin Follow,  
Alas, I have no favours to Reward thee.

*Cal.* To serve your Virtue is above Reward,  
Save what Heaven gives.

*Tim.* This boldness wants example.

*Cal.* I confess it,

And in that answers his impiety ;  
You cannot choose but know it. Fame has not  
Yet lost his Tongue abroad, and it might reach  
Your ear : Or if you have not been so happy,  
'Tis not too late to tell you he is false.  
To Heaven and all mankind : Within his Breast  
Dwells no ingredient of Love or Honour,  
And though he carry Bosome in his Lip,  
'Tis to betray you at last a Sacrifice.  
To his unruly Greatness.

*Tim.* I am a Queen.

*Cal.* But in a Tyrants power, which knows no Law,  
When he has secured your Crown to his Ambition.

*Tim.* I have heard too much of him, he dares not Act :  
A Violence, although I be his Prisoner.

*Cal.* He that durst act a Sacrilege upon  
His King, will think it but a petty Treasons,  
To bruise, or break a soft Heart, such as yours.

*Tim.* All this I know is Truth : But why from him ?

But that he speak so passionately the Vices  
Of this great man, I should believe I had  
A Rival, that obscur'd within that Habit :

[*Aside.*

There's something more than my weak Eye can Reach,  
His words do speak a greater Soul, than what  
He seems to enclose.

*Cal.* I hope 'twill prosper: She seems to Resent it.

[*Aside.*]

Madam, I dare not trespass more upon you:

I have discharg'd my duty to your merit,

To Justice and to Heaven; And now I cast

My self on Providence for what must follow.

If I have given a light to see the Danger,

You might incurr with this bad King, I am happy.

But if my want of years or Eloquence,

To cloath my Honelt meaning better, make it

Less acceptable, You may soon Revenge it,

I have put a poor unworthy Life within

Your Breath, which you may throw into the Air,

Or call the Usurpers Cruelty to punish it.

You shall see Madam, then, I fear not Death;

And in my last devotions will pray,

Heaven may forgive you.

*Tim.* Stay noble Youth, and

Take my thanks: I know not when thou meanst

To visit me again.

*The King comes forth.*

*Enter Strato and Proclus.*

*Dam.* Our Guard lay hold upon that Traytor; that Impudent  
Young Villain, Yes ----

He shall visit you, when he can crawl from tother world.

*Cal.* My Stars have done their worst: be you perfect Madam.

*Dam.* Let his Tongue be cut out immediately.

*Tim.* Sir, I beseech you, let not your Anger fall  
With so much Cruelty.

*Dam.* Madam, though you have not merited so much

If the Story be consider'd, to incline me

To any mercy for him; Yet that part

Of his punishment I Remit. Drag him to

The Common prison till further Order ----

Stay, I have thought better on'r.

Carry him prisoner to the Castle, and tell *Cleomenes*,

I have sent back his previous Page, but bid him,

As he will stand clear in our Thoughts, look to him,

And place him in some Dungeon, dark and deep enough,

Where he may Howl unpitied: He may afford him

The



The musique of his Chains to make him merry.

*Cal.* And when you have done all your Cruelty,  
Death will, at last (spight of your Rage) Release me.

[*Exit Calanthe and Officers.*]

*Enter Hugo: Stops, and goes off.*

*Dam.* Madam, you may be wise yet, to consider  
I honourably Court you: What is past,  
Is in your wisdom to Redeem by Smiles  
Upon your servant; pray think timely Madam. --- [*Exit.*]

*Enter Cleander, and observes Timandra going of weeping.*

*Clean.* Weeping? Shall I kill him now, and Oblige  
The world by taking off this hated Monster?  
Yet he spoke kindly when he parted from her. [*Exit Tim.*]

*Enter Damocles.*

But he Returns.

*Dam.* *Hiarbas*: Nearer yet. You may Remember,  
I said 'twas in your power to deserve  
Your Liberty, and me your Friend: The way  
Is this: Use all your Interest or Art  
To make the Queen more soft to my desires.

*Clea.* How Sir?

*Dam.* I would have a marriage of our Crowns and Hearts.  
You understand?

*Clean.* I must acknowledge You much honour me,  
But Sir, you have chosen a weak Orator  
In the affairs of Love: I wish I had  
An Interest in the Queen so great to serve you  
To your own merit; but in what my Power  
Or Language can effect, in Reference to  
Your wishes, shall appear.

*Dam.* Thou art prudent: she has newly took the Gallery. [*Exit Clea.*]

*Enter Hugo again.*

*Hugo,* I thought our favours would have made you  
Be near us still: I wanted thee.

*Hug.* I was here within these Six minutes to attend you, Sir.

*Dam.* I saw thee not.

*Hug.*

*Hug.* But I did you Sir, with the beaucious Queen,  
And knew my duty better, than to interrupt you.  
When you are private with a Lady.

*Dam.* You can be a Courtier.

*Hug.* I have news for you.

*Dam.* What's that?

*Hug.* Your Son presents his duty to you.

*Dam.* My Son?

*Hug.* Yes, your obedient Son, as I have Order'd him,  
He begs your pardon, for his bold intrusion  
Upon the Queen *Timandra's* Love, he has  
Done with her.

*Dam.* Done with her? How?

*Hug.* He has disengag'd her from his thought, and now  
Wisely foresees your Care and deep Contrivements  
Are for his good and Greatness, when it shall  
Please Heaven to call you hence, which I hope  
Will never be whilst I live Sir.

*Dam.* I thought he had been stubborn, and resolv'd  
An expedition far enough to tame him.

*Hug.* The People will not thank you, Sir, for that,  
They have no mind to part with him.

*Dam.* The People! Hang the shabbed multitude.

*Hug.* Oh! they love him Sir, and he is more endear'd  
To their kind thoughts since his Return.

*Dam.* And I grow less, ha?

*Hug.* The more's the pity Sir.

*Dam.* But tell me *Hugo*.

*Hug.* The many headed Beast will talk Sir, ---

*Dam.* Of me?

*Hug.* I Sir, of you.

*Dam.* What dare they say?

*Hug.* E'en bad enough: They were ill before, but  
The bloody Nose you gave the Senate, Sir,  
Has turn'd the'r Tongues wild.

*Dam.* I must know what they say.

*Hug.* I beseech you do not: Do not desire to hear it.  
A pox upon 'em, what can you expect from Rogues  
And Rebels?

*Dam.* I have a prospect of their Hearts already;  
I know they love me not: But I do long  
To hear how the Slaves talk, and belch their poison:  
Come, Gi't me therefore in their own pure Vomit.

*Hug.* I am very unwilling: I know 'twill make you angry.

*Dam.*

**Dam.** With thee? Do't I command thee, as thou lov'st me.  
But let me have no mincing of the Treason,  
Nor washing a fowl word; the Sports lost then,  
I'm in the Humor for't.

**Hug.** You know I am the Creature of your Smiles,  
And must obey when you Command; But ---

**Dam.** There's no Retreat, Begin, now I am ready.

**Hug.** Why, Sir, the people call you a Bold Knave: Yes

By my troth, which in their opinion is a worse

Name than Traytor, and more suitable to

Their understandings. They that would be

Thought less Soluble in their own Tongues,

Say, you are but an Usurper, and though you

Have the luck to dye in your Bed; nay, and may

Have the liberty to stinke in your Grave,

Yet they hope before they dye to make it a

Holiday, and see you hang'd after all this, to

The great Comfort of the Nation. What Rogues are these?

**Dam.** The Rascals would be witty: Oa good **Hugo**.

**Hug.** Another says, the Flames you have kindled

Can never be quench'd, till some of your principal members

Be committed to the Fire. The name

Of your Quarters has been terrible; and therefore

They wish, that every Post, that now carries

A Libel, had also a Limb of you.

**Dam.** Good, Good.

**Hug.** For your Soul, they think the Devil will

Scarce have any thing to do with it, though

It be his due; lest your impudence should

Out-face him in his own Dominions, and by

Some Faction and Conspiracy there, Cheat

Him of his Kingdom, as you have done your

Soveraign here.

**Dam.** Ha, Ha.

**Hug.** They say, beside other gifts, you have two Virtues

Most remarkable: Pity, and Devotion.

**Dam.** 'Tis well they will allow me any thing.

**Hug.** They say you can Out-weep the *Crocodile*; when

You have the Humours to dissemble, and can ear

Up any mans Heart with tears in your eyes

For your devotion: the people never tremble more

Than when you look upwards to Pray: Your days

Of Humiliation are a certain preface to some

Notable mischief: for if they scape a Tax, the

Murder of some honest Men must follow : after  
Which you commonly Order a Thanks-giving.

*Dem.* They observe me right *Hugs* : If they have any  
Malice left, a little more, 'tis excellent Mirth.

*Hug.* They that speak favourably of you, say you are  
A brave Villain : In conduct fortunate and full  
Of Courage, but all misapp'd to serve your design  
Of enslaving a Kingdom, to Master a Crown,  
Which they say will shew upon your Head, but as  
A brighter mark of your Rebellion, till your  
Noddle ake with the weight of it, and both fall  
From your shoulders in a great storm : In which  
They prophesie the Devil means to come, ere it be  
Long and fetch your Soul away.

*Dem.* A storm? I shall go off with loud musick then,  
Ha, ha : So, so, let 'em talk on ; and when their Breath  
Is spent, their Heirs may take up their quarrel  
And kill me in a Chronicle, where they shall read  
That all their Fathers were my slaves : Ha, ha,  
Farewell honest *Hugs*.

*Exit from Wall.*

*Enter Parmenio and an old Servant.*

*Par.* And didst thou wait that day upon my Father  
At *Timoleons* Tomb.

*Serv.* 'Twas my last service Sir :

*Par.* Didst see him murder'd too?

*Serv.* I saw your Father, the good Lord *Demetrius*  
On the Pile with other Senators,  
Bleeding his Life away, and with the first,  
Thought it my duty, though it were bad news,  
To acquaint you Sir by letter.

*Par.* And I find

The story now confirm'd : I am lost to all the World :  
No man dares own me but this poor old Servant,  
To my Fathers death this Cruelty is added,  
That me they devour'd alive : All that my Father  
And his old Predecessors had been gathering  
So many years to keep alive our Family,  
They have torn and Ravish'd from me,  
Why do I breath this Aire?

*Enter Hugo at one door, at the other two Colonels, Calanthe, and a Soldier, leading her as a Prisoner.*

*Hug.* How now Colonels? Why in this posture?

*Sir.* We are commanded to carry this young Traytor to the Castle.

*Hug.* I ever thought he was a Rascal: You were *Cleomene's*

Page Sirra, were you not? Well, I suspect

*{ Hugo mispers  
wishes Colo.*

That Lord too: But what has he done Colonels?  
*Serv.* If I mistake not, those two Feather Caps  
Are of the military Tribe, that brought Commission to  
Plunder your Fathers House Sir,  
And one of 'em quitted me out of the dining Room.

*Hug.* Ile bear you Company,  
I cannot serve the State too much, I love to have  
My hand in every Treason.

*Proc.* You were ever active.

*Parm.* Leave me I charge thee.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Hug.* What's he that comes confidently towards us?

*Parm.* I have an humble suit to you Gentlemen.

*Hug.* It may be so, but I use not to carry single mony,  
And these Colonels have nothing but Gold about 'em.

*Parm.* I scorn your Charities, unless it be to kill me.

*Sirra.* How kill thee? upon what acquaintance?

*Parm.* And to that I must have you consent, Ile shew  
You Reasons, and then I know you'll do't.

*Hug.* Friend, your Reasons.

*Parm.* I was late Son to an unfortunate Senator.

*Hug.* Son of a Senator, That's somewhat: He deserves  
To be run through the shoulder for that: Look to  
The Prisoner; I do not like this desperate fellow.

*Parm.* My Father was murder'd at *Timolone's* Tombe  
And by some marks given me, you may be two  
Of the Barbarous Villains.

*Proc.* The young man's Angry.

*Hug.* Look to the Prisoner I say.

*Parm.* I could not reach the City at an hour  
to die with him, but time enough to hear,  
That since his death, that Fortune, which his Care  
Meant mine, is seiz'd upon: All my hopes lost,  
I have a Total Ruin.

*Hug.* What dost thou tell us of Ruins, and killing of thy  
Father? Come to the point: Tell us something of  
Consequence; We have other business to attend.



*Parm.* In short I must prevail with one of you to kill Me presently;

*Hug.* Art thou in earnest? Look to the Prisoner, I say.

*Parm.* By all my better hopes of to' ther World, I hate to live in this, Strip of all Comforts. Who draws? He stand a fair mark for his Sword.

*Hug.* Sir; we have something else to do, then To kill a man that hath lost both his Friends And his Portune: you must 'en live 'till you dye, If you had had the luck to have been with your Father, These Gentlemen would have done you Reason. But now the State is satisfyed, and for ought I see, you must live a little longer, unless you will Be impatient, and hang your self.

*Pro.* We do not use to exceed our Commissions Sir.

*Parm.* Why then my Sword shall try what I can force.

*Hugo.* Look to the Prisoner. Ah!

They fight: *Calanthe* runs away,  
The Souldiers follows her.

*Enter Cleomenes.*

*Cleo.* Ha! I have known that Face,  
'Tis *Demetrius's* Son.

*Hug.* Hold! I am a naked man: One of you kill him at my Peril, He save you harmless; Here's a mad fellow Indeed, O my Lord *Cleomenes* save me, defend me, there's An impudent Rogue, he calls himself The Son of a Senator, set upon us,  
My self and another Souldier.

[Two Colonels.]

*Cleo.* Not to have Rob'd you?

*Hug.* No, no, the Rascal had a plot to have his own Throat cut; and because we would not do him the Courtiesie, Like a Brazen-fac'd Fellow, he set upon four on's.

*Cleome.* What's become o'th Colonels?

*Hug.* Nay, nay, he has kill'd 'em for ought I know.

*Cleo.* These are the men

Of mighty noise and Husk, when there's no danger,  
Most nimble at a Throat, when they are numerous. [*Hugo looks about him.*]  
But leaves tremble not more in a Rough Wind,  
Than they to Guard themselves, when they are call'd  
Upon the Account of Honour.

*Hug.* He's here agen.

*Enter*

*Enter Parmenio with his Sword drawn, and puts it up.*

*Parm.* It is the Lord Cleomenes.

*Cleo.* Come hither desperate Gentleman.--- [Whispers.

*Hug.* Ask him what he hath done with the two Field Officers? Thank Heaven Sirra, I had no Sword, As I do heartily: I think it sav'd my Life, I had Been paid else: I am in a sweat to think whether I should have gone if he had kill'd me.

*Cleo.* So, no more, the Colonels made their retreat fairly; He did not know your Person and Employment And does ask pardon for the Fright he put you to.

*Parm.* I humbly beg your pardon to my passion: The memory of my undoing was too fresh within me. Alas I was transported with rage, more for My Fortune than my Father, and I am:---

*Cleo.* Of our own Principles, and for the Cause, which made His Father send him to Travail.---

*Hug.* Saies your Lordship so? But Sir he has Rescu'd a Young Villain that was sent hither by the Kings command to be your Prisoner.

*Parm.* I rescue a Prisoner? VVhom? or VVhen?

*Hug.* That did you Sir, you were weary of your life before: Now the Law shall hang you to your own Hearts desire.

*Parm.* Upon my life I know not what he means.

*Hug.* The thing that was your Page my Lord: O he's Prov'd an impudent young Traytor.

*Cleo.* Ha! VVhat has he done?

*Hug.* Nay, I know not.---

*Enter the Souldier leading Calanthe.*

'Tis he: by good Fortune he is recovered: honest Souldier Look for a reward: my Lord, it is

The King command you, put this Rogue into a Dungeon.

*Cleo.* 'Tis she, my Heart dares not look forth.---

*Hug.* He shall want no Charge I warrant him. I am Sorry he had no more Grace for his Relation once To your Lordship: the Crimes are high.--- You shall Hear more, my Lord I know you are honourable: He has an honest Face, but your Lordships wisdom Will be concern'd to use him like a Rascal, and so

I take my leave. My most Honourable Lord.

*Enter a Guard of Souldiers.*

*Cleo.* It shall Speak my Innocence  
And Duty to the King: Take him away,  
I hate to look upon him.  
My Soul's upon the Torture.

[*The Guard takes off Calan.*

*Hug.* Farewel, Son of the Senator, thou mayst live now  
To be an honest man, and see what will come on't.

[*Exit.*

*Cleo.* *Parmenio*, thou shalt not Repent to Live,  
I see thy Courage, and in thy Name  
And Blood have an Assurance of thy Faith.

*Parm.* In all I am your servant.

*Cleo.* Bid an Officer of the Guard bring the Boy back,  
And wait me at my Chamber to be examin'd,  
And be you near to Observe my further Order.

*Parm.* I shall my Lord.

*Cleo.* I have a narrow path  
To walk on: Guide me Honour and thou great  
Soul of the World: Things now for Action call:  
This Tempest looks as it would drown us all.

[*Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus.

*Enter Sicanus, Dorion, Scrophilus.*

*Sic.* I Do not like the present Face of things.

*Dor.* Nor I.

*Sic.* I did expect a finer Time on't.

*Sic.* The Triumph quickly Vanish'd.

*Enter Alexius.*

*Alex.* Your Servant Colonels: Where's his Highness?

*Sic.* In's Bed-chamber writing Letters.

*Alex.* What to his Mistress? the Queen *Tirandrus*?  
She's a Rare Beauty.

*Sic.* Would *Affrick* had kept this admiration  
To it self: I fear she will be fatal,  
And undo us all.

*Dor.* For my part, I think, no woman in the

World

World is worth a mans melancholy.

*Ser.* I am sure it hath thrown us into a melancholy  
Posture: The Prince does not enjoy himself.

*Alex.* And the King is strangely alter'd.

*Sic.* I have heard one man possess'd with many  
Devils, but I never heard of two men possess'd  
With one and the same evil Spirit before.  
Well, I fear a Storm's not far off: the Clouds  
Are gathering: This outward Reconcilement  
Between Father and Son, is but a dream of  
Fair weather.

*Dor.* I wish his Highness well:

*Sic.* So we do All.

*Enter Dionysius.*

He's here.

*Dion.* Fellow Souldiers, welcome.

*Sic.* Your Highness humble Servants, who should be all  
Happy to kiss your Hand, and see you cheerful.

*Dion.* Why, so I am: Am I not cheerful Gentlemen?  
Look well upon me.

*Ser.* Your pardon, Sir.

Your Servants cannot chuse but be concern'd,  
When any Cloud's upon you: 'Sir, we are  
Men that truly Honour you, and see through all  
The Sun-shine you put on, that something  
Has got too near your Heart and darkens you.

*Dion.* I did not Sleep well. —

*Alex.* We Believe it Sir,

And something is the cause: Change but your Fancy,  
And it will Vanish like a dream.

*Dion.* Your Remedies are pleasant.

*Alex.* You'd say so, if you knew my Frolicks,  
And yet I must Confess, I have had my Fits  
As high as a Mistress, but never Ventur'd Love  
Above a Moon: Took notice of my Tides  
Of Love, yet made my Voyage off and on  
Without a Storm, or straining the least String  
About my Heart. You'll pardon Sir the freedom.

*Dion.* But you mistake the Cause.

*Alex.* I wish I did Sir;

But this disease, call'd Love, has a most certain  
Symtome, and wears his Night-cap so visible

That the distempers still appear, although  
The Cure may sometimes fail.

*Dion.* Gentlemen, 'tis no woman hath discompos'd  
My thoughts.

*Ser.* Why, is't a Man? Who in the name  
Of nature can be so weary of his Life,  
As to disturb our Freedom.

*Dor.* If my counsel may be offer'd Sir, no matter what's the Cause:  
Drink Wine, and bear up above all the thoughts  
Of Friends or Enemies. Would we were  
I'th' Camp agen; this Drowiness and Ease  
Will Tarnish all our Souls.

*Dion.* You love me Gentlemen, and  
I hope I have deserv'd it.

*Dor.* Is there one here that stands suspected?  
A man that will not Sacrifice his Life,  
And in your Service fight in any Cause,  
'Gainst any Person?

*Dion.* None: I believe.  
You would contribute all your Courages  
To assist my Honour, if it shall Require  
A worthy Vindication. Therefore, Gentlemen,  
In the Evening I shall communicate a Secret,  
In which I shall desire your Faith and Counsels,  
Till when I ask your pardon noble Colonels.

*Ser.* We'll wait you Sir.

*Alex.* And shall be proud to serve you.

[*Exeunt Colonels.*]

*Enter Hugo.*

*Hug.* What make all these Officers here? I like it not.

*Dion.* *Hugo*, to my wishes; thou hast kept thy promise.

*Hug.* Pardon the boldness of this interruption;

My duty may want method, but not zeal,

To serve your Highness.

*Dion.* Thou hast given me proof.

*Hug.* I came to give you account Sir of your Father.

*Dion.* How is it with the King, dear *Hugo*?

*Hug.* Much the better, since

I sweeten'd him with your Resolve to quite

Your Hopes in fair *Timandra*: I found him

Raving at first, and a Commission drawing up

For your present expedition to *Corinth*.

But I soon qualified that cold Unkindness

And



And he expects your Visit.

*Dion.* Thou hast Oblig'd me *Hugo*; and to justify  
The truth of thy Relation, and Confirm him  
That all is my Obedience and clear Duty,  
Here is a Letter to the Queen from me,  
With full Relinquish of my Pretensions to her:  
And that there may be nothing wanting *Hugo*,  
To uncreate his Jealousie of either,  
Thou shalt deliver it thy self, and give him  
Thy own account of all things.

*Hug.* I applaud  
Your Care to satisfie him, 'tis excellent; and I  
Shall take it as a great Honour, to carry this express to her.

*Dion.* Honest man: What can Reward thy Faith,  
And care of me?

*Hug.* My duty pays it self.

*Dion.* Farewell dear *Hugo*, I expect no Answer. ---

*Hug.* I think you need not: This will do your work Sir.

*Dion.* I cannot chuse but Smile: that I shall make  
This cunning Knave my Engine. I'll not trust him  
Too much: *Parasites* are a Race of dangerous men,  
Especially to Princes, who abuse  
Their Beams, as Serpents do the Sun-shine; Thrive,  
And yet Infect the very Light they live by. [Aside.]

[Exit Dion.]

*Hug.* So, I have an Office; his Highness Letter-carrier,  
But I consider the Circumstance carried a Glofs  
Of Cunning. That nothing may be wanting *Hugo*,  
Thou shalt deliver it thy self. Hum! And why my self?  
I am not Concern'd I take it: I'll be sure on't.  
With your Highness leave, I must make bold  
To peep into the Belly of your Paper-kite. ---  
If any body should see me, He would think me  
Little better than a Knave now: But 'tis not  
The first Time I have been bold with a Trust.

[He opens the Letter, a Scroll drops.]

What's here! a loose parcel of paper inscrib'd  
*Palermo*! What should this signifie?

[Reads the Letter.]

G

Madam,

*Madam,*

I have not not time to enlarge : Prepare  
Your self and your Friends this night for your  
Escape : I have sent you the Word enclosed  
By which you may pass the Guards, from whence  
I will wait you to my Quarters; where  
With a considerable Train  
I will be your Conduct : and in all other  
Commands Shew the Obedience of,

*Your most faithful Servant*

*Dionysius*

I this the Letter of Defiance? Are you good at  
This young Prince?  
If I had not made a Knave of my self before  
Hand, what a Fool would he have made me now, and  
His own Father. The Word for their Escape!  
Conscience be quiet; I am Resolv'd to carry this  
Letter to her, but his Highness shall excuse me, if I keep  
To the Father's side; He's my elder Acquaintance,  
We were bred up Children in Villany; and when we  
Came to Age, the Devil swore us into a Brother-hood;  
Saying that mischief advanc'd him to be a  
King, and let me rise no higher than a *Parasite*;  
A little Art will make this Letter sound again.  
As for the enclosed, a word to the Wife; I can  
But laugh to think what a Rogue I am.

*(Exit)*

*Enter Cleomenes and Calanthe.*

*Cal.* My Lord, I have told you all the Story, and  
Canot acquit my self of some Impudence,  
Although I felt a Tempest in my Soul,  
To see this black Usurper hold so fair  
A Hope in the Queens Love, which by one Act,  
Might make him Master of her Crown and Beauty.

*Clen.* It did concern your Interest to break  
The Rise of such a Fortune, and there is  
No despair Madam, but it may work  
A noble Sence within her Breast.

*Cal.* She heard me.  
And in my apprehension (though Silent)

Yet

Yet seem'd to pity both her self and me;  
But kept her pious even, and in order;  
At last she gave me thanks, and turn'd aside;  
As being, perhaps, not willing I should see  
A Tear was breaking from her Eye: And at  
This instant *Damocles* Surpriz'd us.

*Cleo.* 'Tis high time, Madam, to consult your Safety,  
Which hath a sad Complexion; the perils  
That I have been acquainted with near shook  
My Frame so much; I labour with the Weight  
of your Concerns.

*Cal.* My Life's indeed a Burthen,  
And 'twere a mercy, if the Heavens took back!  
Their unregarded gift, since I have liv'd  
To be destructive to my self, and all  
That undertook my Safety.

*Cleo.* There's something offer'd to my Thoughts: Ha! 'tis gone agen.

*Cal.* Cast not thy self into a Storm for me.

*Cleo.* 'Tis come agen. Madam, I have a Servant,  
Honest and Valiant; you may trust your Person  
To his Attendance, who may this Evening  
Convey you to place Secure; for here  
You are expos'd to death inevitable.  
There, nor his Anger, nor his Eyes shall Reach you:  
Leave me to answer your Escape.

*Cal.* That were  
Without enquiring, whether you design,  
To make my safety my Ingratitude:  
Do's not my Reason tell me, he will make  
Your Life the forfeit of my absence.

*Cleo.* Could I  
Deserve so well of Heaven as to be made  
A Sacrifice for you; How would my Blood  
Conspire and Crowd into a Flood, to shew  
A Cheerful Ebb: 'Twere but duty Madam.

*Cal.* My Lord, I allow a duty, but like not the  
The way; Since I'll accept defence, but on  
Such Terms as Honour would embrace a Victory.  
The Dangers are my own, and I'll be near 'em.

*Cleo.* Then be it so; and be as safe as I,  
This Fort, my Life, and all my strength can make you:  
If I and they fail, You shall see and witness.  
O'th' sudden, I could prophecy, but dare not  
With prophane Lips, but yours are sacred, Madam,

And you may say, there is a hand, that guides  
Your Safety: that great Fate that brought you hither,  
And it doth raise my thoughts that you must prosper;  
I find the People willing to shake off  
The Usurpers Chains, and then your bright appearance  
Will compleat their Joys, and make  
A Mourning Throne Rejoyce, to see it self  
Restor'd in you, to all just Glory.

*Enter Parmenio.*

[*Cleom. Spies him.*]

He has observ'd my Order.

Be pleas'd, I may commend to your attendance

This Gentleman: A person, on whose faith

You may build a Confidence: It is the Son

Of good *Demetrius*; *Parmenio*.

*Cal.* I have heard his Father mention him; He was  
Sent to *Palermo* for his Studies.

*Cleo.* 'Tis the same, by his good Fate sent hither now

To do you Service; I must take my Leave,

Affairs throng in my Brain.

*Cal.* You need not wonder

That these few tears break thus unruly forth,

They are a just debt to your Fathers memory,

Who lov'd me well.

*Parm.* Mine have been paid already,

And it remains to shew my self his Son:

I know not who you are, more than a Gentleman,

Whom the Usurper persecutes, and a person

My Lord *Cleomenes* would preserve: And I

Presume you have Virtue to deserve all this,

And shall think Death an Honour, when I meet it,

With his Commands upon me.

*Cal.* I attend Sir.

*Enter Cleander leading Timandra.*

*Cleo.* Madam, This Story of the Boy amazes me:

Why, he so unconcern'd should take the Boldness

To venture so much Counsel to his Ruin?

*Tim.* It is no less my wonder: But I never

Observ'd a greater sense of Honour, nor

Read so much Virtue in so small a Volume.

*Cleo.* I had other Thoughts

When

When I consider'd his Relations  
To the Usurper, and had no Charity  
To think him more than one of his black Agents,  
And the worse too for his good face, It put me  
In the mind of the fallen Angels.

*Tim.* I grieve for his sad Fate, but can't help him :  
Indeed I never felt within my heart  
So great Compassion to a stranger, and  
It is but justice, since his care of me  
Made him so miserable.

*Clea.* Dear Madam,  
Quit this sad Argument, and give me leave  
To tell you another story that concerns you.  
I have a message to you.

*Tim.* To me ! from whom ?  
He must be a bold man, made you his messenger.

*Clea.* From *Damocles*.

*Tim.* Forgive it I beseech you ;  
He's full of Love no doubt.

*Clea.* Full of the Devil ;  
And would engage me his, dark instrument,  
To bring you to his wishes. O the Favours  
And Treasures shall be mine : Have not I  
An excellent Office !

*Tim.* What answer did you make ? I fear his words  
Awak'd your angry blood, in which you made  
A Return, did not please him.

*Clea.* Yes, yes, Madam,  
He hopes I'll do't.

*Tim.* What witchcraft could encourage him ?

*Clea.* Being thus put to't,  
As the *Oracles* are wont to Answer, when  
They are consulted what shall come to pass,  
I wanted not ambiguous words that pleas'd him,  
As wishing I had so much interest,  
And strength to do him service to his merit,  
That would do all our work, and his too ; Madam,  
He should be hang'd but once, and high enough :  
But let me humbly beg your pardon, Madam,  
That I have mentioned him, his very Name  
Carries a secret poison in the Breath,  
That must create a Melancholly, and Dull  
Those Christal images within your Soul ; Let us  
Look back upon our hopes in *Dionysius* ;



VVhose promise kept, will pour a welcome Balm  
Into our wounded Loves, and Banish all  
Our sullen Contemplations.

*Tim.* I Fear

Those great things are beyond his power to Accomplish.

*Clea.* O punish not your self with one such Thought,  
I confess, Madam, it is a mountainous promise,  
But hee's a Prince now, below'd i'th' Army,  
And at home popular: The Rising Sun:  
Ador'd, and flatter'd: And who knows what Miracles  
His Love, and Power may Aét.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Madam, a Gentleman desires access,  
He hath some business of Concern (he says)  
From the Prince *Dionysius*.

*Tim.* He must be admitted.

*Clea.* He withdraw.

*Enter Hugo.*

*Hug.* Madam, I approach your Royal hand  
VVith as much Reverence as to an Altar.

*Tim.* Have you affairs with me Sir?

*Hug.* VVith you most Royal Madam, I think I have;  
But pardon me if I be slow to tell you what  
Commands I have from the sweet Prince; Ah  
My eyes are not yet satisfy'd: There are so  
Many beauties in that Face, I could stand  
A whole day to gaze upon't.

*Tim.* Pray come to the business.

*Hug.* Come to the business? Ha, most gracious Madam,  
The Prince.----

*Tim.* Be not so tedious: VVhat from him?

[*He gives a Letter.*]

*Hug.* VVhat from him? That from him:

And in that I have said all, and done my  
Day, and now most gracious Madam, can  
Tell him what you say.

*Tim.* I have said nothing: It does require no  
Answer.

*Hug.* In that Smile I carry a thousand.

{ *Cleander observes, Hugo going off, and comes towards*  
{ *Timandra, but Hugo looking back obscures himself.*

*Hum t*

Hum ! Is't e'en so black Gentleman, you are very familiar,  
I shall do your errand, How she Titters at the Letter, and he laughs  
And looks through the Paper : If I say I shall betray my self.

[Exit.

*Clea.* The thing has kept his word, and we must take  
This Opportunity ; I like his Project.

But, Mandam, though we make use of the Word,  
It will concern our wisdoms not to Trust  
His Conduct after : That were but to shift,  
A person, not the Danger, since his power  
Abroad may equal what is threaten'd here :

*Tim.* Wisely thought on.

*Clea.* We must Remember this Mock Prince is still  
The Son of *Damocles* ; but our time is narrow,  
Leave me to th' care of Outward things : If we  
Without a Check but reach the Sea, we have  
A Friend from every Prospect ; not a Wind  
Can blow from Heaven, and hence, but for our safety.  
The world's before us : Who can fear to drown,  
When every Coast, and every Wind's our own.

[Exeunt.

*Enter Damocles, and Attendants.*

1. The King's troubled.

2. And he will be so,

While this unmanly Age shakes his Temper.

[He waves his Hand for them to leave him.

*Dam.* Have I by my great Arts from a despis'd  
Prodigious Lowness of my Birth and Fortune  
Advanc'd my self to Honour, and to Empire?  
And now fix'd like a *Piramy'd*, upon  
Whose Top my Name stands the admired Object,  
And envied mark of Princes round about me,  
Who fear what Crown of their's I'll next attach,  
As I have done this Kingdom, where I have  
With bloody cost rais'd to my self a power  
Upon my Princes, and the Nations fall ;  
Both which I Ruin'd, with a factious Flame,  
And made this Clime too hot for temperate Laws :  
The Dull Defenders of a drowzey State,  
That slept too long, while my Ambition wak'd,  
And undiscovered brought this fatal Change ;  
And as those subtle Favours that design  
The Bodies Ruin, by the Virals first,

So I began against the Life of Power,  
My lawful Sovereign, whom I fought and forc'd  
In Battle to Retreat and save himself,  
'Till in his flight he met an Angry stream  
That swallow'd him, and his great Horsmanship.

[Waiters putting on one another at the Door.]

1. I dare not speak to him,  
He carries Ponyards both in his Eyes and Pocket.

2. VVe must stay till he call.

*Dam.* The Senate then a lazy lump of Power,  
VVith forked Heads threatn'd to sit heavy  
Upon my Heart: But I found ways by purge  
And bleeding to Remove 'em, and constrain'd  
The dull Remains to humble their proud necks  
For we to walk on: All things that Oppos'd,  
Until this period, I made tame and stoop,  
And shall at last a Woman baffle me:  
Defie my Love, my Anger and my Conquest?  
I will dissolve that Magick that she trusts to,  
And make her know 'tis in my power to take  
(If she be obstinate) more than I have ask'd:  
And that bold talking treacherous Boy shall live  
To see her pride and stubbornness tormented.  
And should my Son Rebel agen, and offer at  
An interest with me: I have an engin  
That wakes at my first call, shall strick him to  
Eternal Silence.

[Handles his Dagger.]

*Enter again one of the Waiters.*

1. Sir, I beseech your pardon.

*Dam.* VVhat Tumults this?

2. *Hugo*, Sir, says, he must speak with you.

*Dam.* O, is it *Hugo*?

[Enter *Hugo*.]

Why was he not admitted presently!  
You can be officious when you please.  
Leave us agen, and let none interrupt us,  
Honest *Hugo*.

*Hug.* The business, Sir, is done.

*Dam.* VVhat business?

*Hug.* I have explor'd each Fibre of your Son.

*Dam.* And How? and How?

*Hug.* All things are well and in an excellent posture.

*Dam.*

*Dam.* Thou art i'th' dark.

*Hug.* But I have brought to light a Plot, you'l  
Thank me for.

*Dam.* A Plot? What is't?

*Hug.* Your Son most violently proceeds to Cross  
Your interest in the Queen, and has most  
Impiously contriv'd away for her escape.

*Dam.* He dares not? Her Escape?

*Hug.* I skrew'd my self into his Soul, and he,  
In his Confidence of my honesty, would have  
Me carry a Letter to her.

*Dam.* And didst thou?

*Hug.* Yes, but had the Grace to break it open.

*Dam.* Excellent.

*Hug.* Which gave her to understand that this night  
By Virtue of the Word, a scrowl enclos'd, without  
Any difficulty she might pass the Guards.

*Dam.* O Rebel, Traytor, It will be then necessary to  
Change the VVord immediately.

*Hug.* Do not trouble your self Sir, I have sav'd that labour,  
For most artificially I trim'd up the  
Letter, and changing the Scrowl, baited their  
Ambition to be gone with a word of my  
Own divising; Did I not very well Sir?

*Dam.* Admirably: I could kiss thee for't, Thou hast done  
A Service never to be sufficiently Rewarded.  
It tickles my spleen; Thou hast done rarely *Hugo*.

*Hug.* In this one Act I have out-witted your  
Son, and it was high time to give his disobedience  
A Check, Clip'd the wings of his precious  
Pigeon, who is wild with the immagination of  
Taking the fresh Air; but when she finds her self  
In our snare, I hope she will be tame  
Enough, and stoop to any Conditions your  
Heat of blood will propound to her.

*Dam.* The pleasure comes to fast: Ha, ha, ha.  
Now are they (having already swallow'd their  
Liberty) laughing at us.----

*Hug.* To think how we are gull'd? I should have told  
You Sir, I have discover'd the *Moor* to be a Rascal,  
A near friend of hers; A saucy Sun-burnt Devil,  
And your Rival.

*Dam.* The Sooty slave shall dye for't: Not all his black  
Relations in Hell shall rescue him: The evening

H

Creeps

Creeps upon us : I dare not trust the Aire with our Discourse, my Stars, I do forgive you all, y'are Kind ; and next to them, I owe my thanks to The VVife, Honest *Hugo* : VVe'l be in at the Sport.

*Hug.* By any means Sir, I must wait upon you, My presence will add much to their Vexation.

*Dam.* The strength shall be recruited at each Guard.

*Hug.* I canot but laugh to think how they will look upon me Sir, when they see themselves in the snare, And how the *Moor* will Blush Sir.

*Dam.* Let's away : no change of Countenance : Carry all Smooth until the storm surprize 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Captain of the Guard, and a Serjeant.*

*Cap.* Where's the Corporal ?

*Ser.* He's ordering the Centries.

*Cap.* So, 'tis well.

*Enter Corporal with two Souldiers.*

*1. Soul.* Well : If I miscarry this bout Corporal, Ile lay My death at your door, that made me leave my Drink behind me.

*Corp.* There's your spot : Two hours hence expect Refresh, You may lye down and listen, but take heed, when The Round comes that you be not taken Napping,

[*Exit Corporal and two Souldiers.*]

*1. Soul.* I warrant you, in my first duty, I thank my Stars, (When I left my own Trade to follow Man-killing) I had a Benefit from my Fears, and could wake At the Motion of a Field-mouse, now I am an old Souldier, and us'd to't, I can do my duty in my Sleep : Rise, Bid stand : Ask who goes there ? Have All my Questions and postures as ready as the Most waking Centry of 'em all.

*Capt.* I had a Scurvy dream last night Serjeant.

*Ser.* 'Tis well for you Captain.

*Capt.* A Scurvy dream well for me ? Why prethee ?

*Ser.* 'Tis well for you that you can dream : Time Was within our memory we have not slept In ten nights : hard duty, little drink, and no Pay, do not much Corroborate nature : But What was your dream Captain ?

*Capt.* Why, I dream'd we had an Alarm given us,

And



And that the Enemy (having taken our Redont  
Upon the River) were entering the Town,  
Against them I march'd; and at last, when I was  
Beset by a Party of theirs, and in  
The Condition of engaging with 'em: Two Rats  
That had a quarrel behind the Hangings in  
My Chamber, waken'd me.

*Ser.* And so you came off?

*Enter Strato.*

*Sir.* Where's the Captain of the Watch?

*Capt.* Here Colonel.

*Sir.* I had Orders to Recruit the Guards to night.

*Capt.* What Enemy?

*Sir.* I know not, but there is something expected.

*Capt.* A pox on't, my dream's out: Come Serjeant,  
I attend you Colonel.

*[Exeunt omnes prater I. Sould.]*

*Enter Cleander, Timandra, and Arisba.*

*Cleau.* Look how the night's already drest, and for  
Thy fair attendance hath put on her best  
And brightest Lustre, while every Star  
(Though not with so much Sparkling as thy Eyes)  
Pays his willing shine to light thee  
To some more happy Coast.

*Tim.* I cannot fear Success, while you are Conduct.

*Cleau.* *Arisba*, this last Act  
Will perfect thy fidelity, and make it  
Fit for Reward.

*Aris.* Be confident of my duty:  
But Sir, condemn your self, I heard something  
Move, the Centry is near.

*Cleau.* Be careful of the Queen, I will approach  
And give the Word.

*I. Sould.* I hear a Voice: Stand: Ha! What's this?

*Cleau.* Call your Officer.

*I. Sould.* Corporal: by this moon-shine 'tis the Devil.  
Corporal: Come quickly and be damn'd, here's one  
Stays for you: I charge thee, come no nearer.  
Corporal, ha! So.

*Enter Corporal.*

I'll e'en leave you together, and Alarum the Guard.

*Corp.* The Word.

*Clean.* *Siracuse.*

*Corp.* You are mistaken, and must along with me.

*Clean.* Must Rascal?

*[They fight.]*

The Guard's Alarum'd : I doubt we are betray'd

*[He kills the Corporal.]*

*Enter Souldiers : one Seizeth upon Timandra.*

*Tim.* Villain unhand me.

*Clean.* It had been safer to have touch'd a falling  
Thunder-bolt.

*Enter Captain of the Guard.*

*Capt.* The Corporal kill'd? ---- Then 'tis time  
To try my Sword.

*[He also is beaten off by Cleander.  
[They fight; he makes 'em Retreat.]*

*Clean.* We must face about.

*Enter Strato and Proclus with more Souldiers at one door. At the  
other Dionysius, Sicanius, Dorion.*

*Str.* The Court's Alarum'd : where are these Traytors?

*Pro.* Here.

*Str.* Let's help to take 'em.

*Pro.* Agreed ; Souldiers, we assist your duties.

*Dioni.* Whence this Alarum? *Hiarbas* and *Timandra*.

There is no time for cold enquiries ; Accept our  
Swords *Hiarbas* to your Service.

*Clean.* *Dionysius*, can this be Real? There is some Hopes yet.

*Enter Parmenio and others.*

*Dion.* I think this Coast is safe.

*Clean.* Ha! the Souldiers grow out of the Earth  
Like *Cadmus* Teeth, Defend the Queen on that hand,  
I on this.

*Dion.* I cannot fall in a more glorious quarrel.  
Souldiers d'ee not know me.?

*Pro.*

*Pro.* Dispatch: the King commands you 'seize 'em.

*{ They fight. Strato and Proclus fall in the Skirmish. Sicanus and Dorion beaten off. Dionylus taken, and Cleander surpriz'd behind by Parmenio.*

*Parm.* Th' art a brave Moor

*Enter Damocles, Cleomenes, and Hugo.*

*Dam.* Where's the Queen?

*Tim.* Here Tyrant.

*Dam.* Ingrateful woman; was your Heat so mighty,  
None but this Son of night was fit to mix  
And walk Companion of your Love and Fortune?  
A Dog? a Moor?

*Clean.* Thus Mungrils snarl at Lions: *Damocles,*  
'Tis not our Crimes, nor any good the Gods  
Forefaw in thee, nor Valour of thy Guards,  
Nor our own Sleeping Stars, but thy great Sins,  
Nor yet mature for Vengeance, hath made  
Our design fruitless.

*Dam.* Ha! *Dionysius!* my Son turn'd Rebel?  
'Tis time to check his Speed: And whose fine plot  
Was this?

*Tim.* Sir, it was mine: I could not hope a Life here  
Without Stain to my Honour.

*Dam.* And Madam you may dearly count for this:

*Clean.* It was I contriv'd it.  
She does abuse her Innocence, let me  
That have a Soul prepar'd sustain the punishment.

*Dio.* They have both accus'd themselves unjustly,  
The plot was mine, I must agen Repeat,  
But not Repent it, mine: I sent a Letter,  
And the Word enclos'd for their escape.

*Dam.* You did? --- *Cleomenes.* ---

[*Dam. and Cleom. whisper.*]

*Hug.* Sir, I desire no body may be Believ'd, but my self:  
The Plot was mine, the Cream, the Knack of  
It my own.

*Clean.* Thine?

*Hug.* Yes, and shall please thy Sooty Physiomy.

*Dion.* Curfed Villain.

*Hug.* As sure as your Highness gave me your Letter to  
That Lady, which I deliver'd with my own Hand;  
But it was after I had broke it open, and made  
Bold to put the Change upon your own Trick. --- Altering

Only

Only a word or so. ----

*Clean.* Remember he's your Son.

*Dam.* Thus I blow off that name: I expect your duty:  
You need not Strive for your Rewards.

*Parm.* I am commanded to attend you Sir to the Castle.

*Tim.* I am sorry my unhappiness should thus  
Involve your danger; But I hope your Father  
Has a Reserve of kinder thoughts.

*Dio.* *Timandra*, your fair Hand. ---- This Kiss  
Is bought too cheap though I dye for you.  
Farewel noble *Hiarbas*.

[*Exit.*]

*Dam.* Come nearer Moor: Dost thou not Read Death  
Within this Frown?

*Clean.* I am above it *Damocles*: Keep those Bugs  
Upon thy Brow to fright tame Fools, and such  
As born from Worms do Crawl about thy Court,  
And lick thy dusty Pavements: Snakes that live  
And lap the blood of Innocents: I despise  
Thy mercy to my self; But if thou hast  
A sense of Honour, or of any thing  
That's man within thee, Look with softer Eyes  
On this distressed Queen.

*Dam.* Yes, your Mistress?

*Clean.* Ambition cannot aim at greater Honour.

*Dam.* This saucy Competition  
(Hadst thou no other Crime) shall make thee Curse  
Thou hast a Being.

*Clean.* Saucy Competition with thee? Thy Pride  
Provokes my Smile: I tell thee *Damocles*,  
Thou mayst by number, and thy Crouds of men,  
Steal an Inglorious Victory: But were  
Our Persons singly arm'd, and we two plac'd  
Upon a Cliff, or some Star-kissing mountain:  
All thy abused Legions round about us  
Striving to see us fight for Love and Honour:  
The Gods should not be weary to look down,  
And thy own Armies undeceiv'd should Judge  
Who best deserv'd *Timandra*.

*Omnes.* This Moor has a brave Soul.

*Clean.* But I loose breath in talking to a man  
Whose very Soul's a Coward, and his Heart  
False as his Title to the Crown.

*Dam.* No more:

We'll try how he can talk without a Head:

The

The morning Sees him dye: For her. —  
 One Convoy serve 'em both, and look you trifle not  
 With my Commands as you will keep your Head on.  
 Thns all my Troubles vanish; I was never  
 A King till now.

*Hug.* I hope you'll take my word another Time.

[*Exeunt Damacles and Hugo.*]

*Cleo.* Madam, I grieve for your misfortune.

*Clean.* For thy self *Cleomenes*: And yet thou hadst  
 An honest Fame.

*Cleo.* You do not know me Sir.

*Clean.* But I forgive thee: Come, mourn not *Timandra*.

*Tim.* I should not weep were we to dye together.

*Clean.* 'Tis not Resolv'd above so; do not envy me.

As man to lead the way: 'Tis my Honour  
 To bleed a chearful Martyr to thy Love.  
 Forgive me if I hope thou mayst not stay  
 Toolong behind: For when I shall arrive  
 Among those blest Shades; and have my Seat  
 Where only good inhabits: Yet I fear  
 I shall not think it Heaven till thou art there.  
 Conduct now where you please.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## Actus Quintus.

*Enter Parmenio and Calanthe.*

*Cal.* **T**Hou hast told me a sad Story: the Queen's made

A Prisoner? and *Himbas* doom'd to loose

His Head this mourning? They are then both

As miserable as I: But she is firm

I see to her Honour. How does he bear himself?

*Parm.* With a most manly Temper, not i'th' least

Dejected for his thought of suffering Death,

But as it separates *Timandra* from him;

For 'tis presum'd they Lov'd.

*Cal.* Her knowledge of

His worth may make the Cloud upon his Face

More lovely to her Eyes. But how doth She

Take this affliction?

*Parm.* At first most sadly;

And yet his Courage and his wisdom has

Almost



Almost perswaded her to part with him.

*Cal.* Might I not see him before he dye?

*Par.* He made it his request to my Lord *Clement*,  
That he might Visit you, pretending something  
That might concern you and himself.

*Cal.* On that account I wish he were permitted.

*Par.* His stay will be but short.

[Exit *Par.*]

*Cal.* I limit not the Favour, and shall thank you,  
I wonder I have been so long forgotten.

In the Usurpers anger, but his Fury

When it does fall perhaps will recompence

The slow approach it makes.

*Enter Cleander, and Parmenio.*

Sir, I am told you would speak with me.

*Clea.* Yes, sweet Youth.

*Cal.* Your business pray with me?

*Clea.* I must be thrifty of my Time, my Life wonot  
Allow us many minutes, and I would not

Put off this earth without a peace about me.

I come to Ask thy Pardon.

*Cal.* How! My pardon?

You never Injur'd me.

*Clea.* Yes *Polydore*,

I did abuse thy Innocence.

*Cal.* Not mine.

*Clea.* And gave thee up

To my own thoughts an impious Boy, when I

Conceiv'd thee late a wicked Agent from

The Usurper to the Queen: But she has told me

Since, a large volume of thy Virtue,

That I am oblig'd to carry thy Forgiveness,

Or doubt my Passage to a better World.

*Cal.* Sir, I have Charity to pardon all

The ill you thought of me.

*Clea.* I thank thee, and trust me, if I were to live

I would study thee a better Recompence

Than naked Prayers: But as it is, I wish

Thou might'st out-live the Tyrants malice, Farewel.

*Cal.* Is this all?

*Clea.* I should say something, from the Queen, of sorrow,

That for her sake thou suffer'st it, But when I'm dead

She'll tell thee all at large.

*Cal.*

**Cal.** Pray tell me Sir,  
Do you expect to die so soon?

**Clea.** I know not,  
The precise minute, but cannot think I have  
Many more to tell that number time, but  
By a Tyrants glass.

**Cal.** And can you part with Life so evenly?

How did you work this noble mastery

Upon your Soul? I wish I may do so.

When the approaching minute Comes.

**Clea.** It is an ease to die : a Blessing Boy.

**Cal.** My bless : The choise part of my Life is gone

Before, yet I am coufin'd to a tedious Life

And make no hast to follow it, But 'tis

The Tyrants fault not mine.

**Clea.** Thou wert then in Love too.

**Cal.** Heaven will forgive me, if I say, I lov'd

A Brother, in whose life was all my Comfort

But Death snatch'd him away maliciously.

I know not where, nor how.

**Clea.** His Name I prethee.

**Cal.** You shall excuse that, you are a stranger

And will not be at all concern'd to know him,

But here is all that's left him, his shadow,

Which when his cruel Fortune call'd him from me,

He gave me a Companion in his absence,

But that my tears are pious to his memory ;

The frequent Drops, and kisses, I have paid it,

Might have long since defac'd and drown'd the Image.

**Clea.** My labouring Soul : The very same I gave

**Calambe,** 'tis my Sister, but I must not

Discover.

**Cal.** You are troubled.

**Clea.** Polydore.

There is some secret magick in thy Sorrow

Makes me forget my own : If I could think

The Tyrant would not punish thee with Life

Too long, I'de wish to stay and tarry for

Thy company that we might die together.

*Enter Timandra, and seeing them, stands at some distance.*

Thou art young, and by the example of my dying  
I would instruct thee to a Flight above

The world's Ambition, and though I be  
A stranger here, there we should be acquainted;  
Where we might live and love to all Eternity.

*Tim.* What do I hear?

*Cal.* The Queen Sir:

*Clea.* Ha! *Timandra*, I am but

The shadow of my self: those two divide

All that I was between 'em. Art thou come?

I'll tell the Secret, *Polydore's* a woman;

A Princess my *Timandra*, One that lov'd me

Before my Happiness of knowing thee,

And yet I dare not tell her who I am.

Though a dear part of my self; nor dare I kiss her.

For fear my Soul dissolve upon her Lip.

*Cal.* He has some strange Contention in his Breast.

*Tim.* What killing Language do I hear?

Have I for this made forfeit of a Kingdom,

And what is dearer, Liberty? Pild on me

A Tyrants Rage, and given my heart to one

That in my presence owns another Mistress?

*Clea.* I see the Clouds are gathering to make

A storm within thee: Let one word disperse 'em:

It is *Calanthe*, my dear long lost Sister.

*Tim.* And will you not uncloud your self to her?

*Clea.* Take heed.

*Cal.* I cannot blame their passions high at parting.

*Clea.* It were a wickedness the Gods

Would never pardon, Ile give thee a Reason:

She knows I am to die; O let me vanish

I th' dark: for but to tell her I am *Cleander*

That must within few minutes bow my Neck

T'h' Hang-mans Ax, to please a bloody Tyrant,

'Twould strik her dead immediately before us,

And I should be her Murderer: No *Timandra*,

Let the Usurpers Soul own all that gail,

When I am past the miseries of Life,

Ile tell the Angels, who are coming after,

And that's enough.

*Tim.* I would say something,

But so many Seas of sorrow meet within mee,

They drown my Tongue and Heart.

[*Cal. spies the Queen.*]

*Speaking to Calanthe.*

*Enter*

*Enter Cleomenes Reading a Paper. Attendant.*

*Cleom.* Your duties.

*1. Atten.* I am commanded to attend you, Madam,  
To your Chamber.

*Tim.* Where you please.

*2. Atten.* Sir, I have Orders to wait upon you.

*Cleom.* Thou call'st me to my death, 'tis welcome.

*Cleom.* Madam, your Retirement is concern'd.

*Cal.* How soon, we are all divided?

*Cleom.* She must not know this Warrant for her death:

He has remembered her at last, Let *Polydore* dye, to mortify

*Timandra* will be next, and then his Son, a good service;

And then my Head brings up the Rear, I see

The method of his Tyranny.

*Enter Parmenio.*

*Parm.* Sir, I am very much Importun'd by the Moor,

*Hierbas* Servant, now your Prisoner.

*Cleom.* To what?

*Parm.* To let him speak with you: He says he will discover

Something to your private Ear you'll thank him for:

A secret will be wellcome to the King,

And worth his pardon, if you will promote it.

*Cleom.* Prithee admit him.

*[Exit Parmenio, and enter with Arisba.]*

Have you any thing to say

To me?

*Arisb.* My Lord, I have something to reveal to your Lordship,

And in Hope you will mediate for my pardon.

*Cleom.* Be brief.

*Arisb.* There is a person in the World.

*Cleom.* One person in the World? take him away,

The Fellow trifles, and is tedious.

*Arisb.* Not so quick; Ple come to the Business.

My Lord, Ple tell you: The Gentleman you

Call *Hierbas*.

*Cleom.* What of him?

*Arisb.* Is no such man: No Moor.

*Cleom.* How!

*Arisb.* No more then your Lordship, these hands temper'd

The Ingredients, that gave him the Complexion

(Act I)

He wears; I dare not speak too loud:

It is the King Sir, *Enter Cleomenes Reading a Paper*

*Cleom.* Hal! the King!

*Arif.* King Cleander.

*Cleom.* Make it good, and be for ever Happy.

*Arif.* I knew it would be wellcome news; upon my certain knowledge he has walk'd in that

Obscurity, since the Defeat he had in the Battle.

The Queen only knows of it, beside my self.

There are few could have kept a Secret so long.

And so sweet, as I have done; but the fear of

Of Hanging has put the bridle on my Tongue.

*Cleom.* Thy Liberty is not mine to give, but I have remembered her at such a Service; The King shall Honour thee.

*Arif.* Nay, let him give me what he will, beside, I hope

You do not conceive that I have done this out

Of any ill Principle, only the Gallows

Was too strong for my Imagination.

*Cleom.* Art sure this is not Reveal'd to any else?

*Arif.* Upon my Life, your Lordship is the first

*Cleom.* Then I'll take course to be the last

It shall go no further.

*Arif.* O, would I might be so too.

*Cleom.* Take thy Reward, base Villain, Betray thy

King and Master? *Parmenio*, throw him

Into that Lobby; and doff *He* out of his Head.

I shall have use on't: So, good Heavens I thank you.

*Parmenio*, we have much to do.

[Exit without Parmenio.]

*Enter Timandra and her Attendant.*

*Tim.* I thank you Sir, only I shall Request

This favour, when *Hiarbas* with his Blood

Hath satisfied the Thirst of *Damocles*

That you would bring me word

*Serv.* I shall.

*Tim.* That news may give a period to my Life,

And break my Heart: What benefit have Prints:

To be born great? To have a name and power

Above the common Tribe for a few minutes?

When they're expos'd to the same Stroke of Fortune,

Which renders them but still the more unhappy;

And their fall so much the greater, as they are

Thrown from the taller Precipice.

*Enter*



*Enter Attendants*

*Atten.* Madam, the Prince *Dionysius*, by some favour  
Of my Lord *Cleomenes*, is come to visit you.

*Tim.* Alas ! this is no season for a Visit ;  
And yet he has deserv'd all my Civilities.  
I pray admit him.

*Enter Dionysius*

*Dion.* Pardon, dear Madam, that I have presumed  
To make intrusion upon your Sorrows ;  
I have only to present you my sad Heart ;  
That fees and mourns your Fate.

*Enter Cleomenes hastily*

*Cleom.* Madam, the King is come into the Castle ;  
Sir, as you weigh my Safety or your own,  
You must not be seen here : That way you'll meet him ;  
You may Observe (I know not where) within  
That Bed-chamber, his Jealousie at your Sight,  
Will turn him into a Flame to all our Ruins.

*Dion.* You shall persuade : Though it be worse than death  
To shew this Fear.

*Cleom.* For the Queens Honour there Sir ; I hear him

[*Dionysius* *observes*.]

Coming up the Staires ; One word more Madam,  
I dare not trust your tender Heart

Without a Caution, let no Object fright you,

*Hiarbas* shall be safe upon my Honour,

By your fair self he shall, until you speak with him.

*Enter Damocles and Hugo*

Is't done ?

*Cleom.* He is dispatch'd Sir ;  
You ne'r shall see his Face again.

*Dam.* Not see it, I must *Cleomenes*, therefore when I send for't  
Let it be ready. *Hugo* attend.

*Cleom.* 'Tis at your Service Sir.

[*Exit Cleom. and Hugo*.]

*Dam.* What says the fair *Desfer* now ?  
Have you consider'd ?

And throw off all your unbecoming Wildness,  
The very thought and memory of *Hiarbas*,  
Or any other that durst take the Boldness  
To offer at Affection as my Rival?

Are all your sullen humors tam'd and vanish'd?  
And in that stubborn Heart have I a name?  
Lord of that Empire by thy Choise and Gift  
To my desert? This I expect to hear,  
Or nothing, and that too without much preface.

This is a new and shorter cut of woeing  
Than I have us'd: But since t' hast Slighted all  
My kinder ways, Anger is only left  
To instruct thee how to Love? Say, and be brief.

*Tim.* Then briefly thus; Know I do hate thy Love,  
As much as I despise thy Anger, Tyrant.

And had I guilt but of one loving Thought  
Within my Heart to thee, I'de say,  
That Honour there had bid farewell, and left  
Me fit to be a Prey to Falshood.  
I have not been much tedious in my Answer.

*Dam.* You have been humble I confess, but I will  
Use the same Brevity: Bid *Cleomenes*  
send in *Hiarbas* Head?

*Tim.* *Hiarbas* Head?

*Dam.* A Present for you Madam.

*Enter Hugo with the Moors Head cover'd.*

*Tim.* False *Cleomenes*.

*Dam.* His lips are cold,  
And want much of that noble Heat, wherewith  
They were wont to entertain you Madam.

*Tim.* Inhumane Tyrant!

*Dam.* I will not leave any thing alive that loves thee,  
My Son is next: But now I thing on't Madam,  
I have not done yet: I wo't leave,  
Till I have made thee leprous and unfit

For any mans Embrace: Come, you know the way  
To your Bed-chamber: Move, or I'll drag thee to it.  
*Hugo, to the Doors.*

*Hug.* Yes, I know my duty: Or shall I help you Sir?  
I am good at both.

*Tim.* Help, Help! *Dionysius*, A Rape, Treason.

*Enter Dionysius.*

*Hug.* Ambuscado ! 'Tis time for me to Shift.

[*Exit.*

*Dam.* Her Champion hid in her Bed-chamber ! They have  
Had meetings. Villain, Bastard. [*Dam. draws, Dion. takes up a Chair.*

*Dion.* Lost both to Gods and Men ; no more my Father.

Murder : Help ; O drop a Sword from Heaven

To punish this predigious man. Murder :

[*He takes a Chair for his Defence : Timandra runs out.*

*Dam.* There, I ha'e met with you.

*Enter Cleomenes and Parmenio.*

*Dio.* You have don't : farewell *Timandra* and all the world.

[*Dies.*

*Cleom.* What have you done Sir ?

*Dam.* I have kill'd a Traytor.

*Cleom.* You have slain your Son.

*Dam.* He was my Son, my Anger had forgot him.

*Cleom.* Take off the Body : the Spectacle will Raise.

[*Dionysius is carried-off.*

A Tempest in the Souldiery : You have undone  
Your self, the Army lov'd him.

*Dam.* Let 'em take him then : where's the Queen ?

*Cleom.* She gave the first Alarum with crying a Rape,  
And now the murder of your Son : --- You must  
Consult your Safety.

*The Souldiers within crying the Prince's Revenge.*

Hark ! the Souldiers,  
Their Clamors mount as if they would Allarum Heaven.  
*Parmenio*, set a Guard upon the Staires.

*Agents cry Revenge.*

*Dam.* Curse on these loud-mouth Hounds.

*Cleom.* You must be Rul'd ; the Torrent will Orewhelm  
Us all, if you neglect your Safety : Here, obscure,  
Trust to me Sir, I will secure your person ;  
Upon my Life...

*Enter*

*Enter Parmenio.*

*Dam. Honest Cleomenes.*

*Cleo.* Leave me to use my Art: you shall hear from me.  
 But first Ple thus prevent your Sally. [*Locks up Damocles.*]  
 And place a Guard to watch you here.  
 So far my work is done.  
 The Beast I have got within a Den,  
 Captain, proclaim a free Session of the  
 Senate in my name; and give 'em all my Honour,  
 None shall invade their priviledge or persons.  
 I will Joyn with 'em to Assert their Liberty,  
 And impart something after these Rough Seas  
 To make their Calm secure:  
 And withal, you may give out the Usurper's  
 Dead, It will allay their Fears the better.  
*Parm.* You need not doubt this will be wellcome news:  
 I go my Lord. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Hugo.*

*Hug.* What will become of me now? There's nothing but  
 Confusion i'the Cattle, and now I am out on't, do not  
 I know where to hid my self: Some say my Mother  
 Was a Witch, if she had taught me her Trade, now  
 Could I have transform'd me self into a Cat: they  
 Say she has nine Lives; I would give eight on 'em  
 With all my Heart to save the odd one.

*Enter a Souldier.*

A Souldier, ha!

I do not like his marching up to me: How now Souldier?

*Sould.* Save you noble Sir.

*Hug.* But I fear I shall not be sav'd. Dost know me?

*Sould.* Know you? Yes Sir; very well: I ha'e Reason for't:  
 You sav'd my Life, when I was condemn'd by a  
 Counsel of War to be hang'd.

*Hug.* O, I remember thee; 'twas for Robbing a Church,  
 A very honest Fellow; I see thou art grateful, and  
 I Believe thou hast a kindness for me, for  
 Old Acquaintance.

*Sould.* Would I could Serve you Sir.

*Hug.*

*Hug.* Pox, I know 't; and that thou mayst be in Action  
Now, I have a Suit to thee.

*Sould.* To me?

*Hug.* Here's money, as we say at Court, to help the good  
Inclinations: Here's gold too.

*Sould.* Bless your Honour: But what is the Suit an't please you?

*Hug.* No worse than I wear my self, I would only

Change an upper garment, I have a great fancy

To see how that Red-coat would become me, mine's

Velvet: Shall's Chaffer?

*Sould.* 'Tis at your Service Sir.

*Hug.* Here, quickly then help to Strip me: What news Souldier?

*Sould.* News? Why, do you not hear a free Senate proclaim'd?

*Hug.* A free Senate? make hast honest Souldier.

*Sould.* There's nothing but Joy in the City, and the

Secluded Members of the Senate do every minute

Creep out of their obscurities to admiration: They talk of

Bonfires too: What turn there may be in the State

I know not.

*Hug.* A Pox of all ill luck: It will come to my turn  
I fear.

*Enter Cleomenes and salutes the Senators.*

*Sould.* They have my Lord *Cleomenes* Honour to Secure 'em;

And the Senate-house being in the Castle, they have

Pretty good assurance of their Safety.

*Hug.* Peace; not to loud: Stand behind me Souldier, thou  
Shalt not be seen, not for a World.

*Sould.* Why Sir! I dare shew my Face.

*Hug.* Dear honest Mirmidon: for a Reason that I know.

*Sould.* Not shew my Face!

*Hug.* There's more money: as thou lov'st me. ---

*Cleom.* Most Noble Lords, and Reverend Senators,

The Business that requires your presence

Will need no Preface, more than to assure you,

'Tis of dear Concernment to your Countries peace,

Such as will wipe away the black Remembrance

Of *Timoleous* Tombe.

*Hug.* Ha! *Timoleous* Tombe, discours'd on already.

Stand close good Souldier! I'll be thy Skreen

For this time.

*Cleom.* And prove a wellcome Balm, to heal those  
Wounds, the people but too long have with you wept,



While both your Votes and theirs meets Heavens  
At once : But I delay this Happiness too long,  
And now Conduct you to the place design'd  
For this great Work.

*Omn. Sen.* Honour'd *Cleomenes*.

[*Exeunt Cleom. and Senators.*]

*Hug.* They are out of Sight. --- So, now I thank thee ;  
Farewell honest Souldier, --- and be hang'd.

*Sould.* Stay Sir, a word,

*Hug.* I am in haste.

*Sould.* So am I : I have a Suit to you now.

*Hug.* To me ? what prithe ! Thou hast had my Coat  
already, but be short.

*Sould.* That you would please to walk along with me  
To the Castle.

*Hug.* Friend thou shalt excuse me now ; another time. ---

*Sould.* I must not be deny'd : I was civil to you.

*Hug.* What dost mean ?

*Sould.* You must walk presently, as I direct, or I have  
A Goad will make you mend your pace.

*Hug.* Souldier, oh !

*Sould.* I must do my duty, I have an Order for't ; I  
Expect a Reward too ; Therefore dear *Hugo*. ---

*Hug.* For thy Honour ; thou know'st I sav'd thy Life.

*Sould.* Do not you remember the Proverb : Save a man  
From the Gallows, and he'll be the first  
Shall cut your Throat. March, honest *Hugo*, march. [*Exeunt.*]

*The Senators appear in the Senate, to them Cleomenes, Alexis,  
Dorion, Sicanus, Calanthe veild.*

*Cleom.* That you are safe, and met here, is the Joy  
Of your *Cleomenes*, who hath no Ambition, but  
To Repair his sad and bleeding Country,  
And that the Laws, after so many Strokes,  
May run in their own free and ancient Channel.  
Lay down your Fears of an Usurping Tyrant,  
Whose Lust of Empire hath committed such  
Horrid and high Impieties, I tremble  
But to Remember : And at the last hath added  
Unto his many Paricides, the murder  
Of his own Son : A Person that was only  
Unhappy, that he had so vile a Father.  
Who though not at present dead ;

Yet, ---

*Omn. Sen.* How, not dead?

*Cleom.* Not dead Fathers, but by the Providence of Heaven, that heard our prayers, he is now Within your power, and timely shall appear To be the Object of your Justice first.

*1. Sen.* Thou art thy Countries, and our great Preserver

*Cleom.* But there is something, Honour'd Fathers, of Greater Concern to take up your chief thoughts.

I meant it in my promise; and shall not Detain your Hopes too long: Here, I present The lovely person of a long-lost Princess: A Branch surviving of the Royal Family, Whose Story will draw up your Love and Wonder; The fair *Calanthe*.

[*They offer to Rise.*]

Fathers keep your places, And think what your own duties are oblig'd too.

*Sen.* It will Require no Study: We declare Her Right to the Succession: the Crown Is justly hers, and we Salute her Queen. Long live, ---

*Cleom.* Stay Honour'd Fathers; though her name and Virtues Deserve as much as all her Sex together, Whose preservation has been long my Study, Though I have nothing to accuse your duties, Yet she must not be Queen.

*Cal.* VVhat means *Cleomenes*?

*Omn. Sen.* My Lord, your Reason.

*Cleom.* I'll shew you a Reason presently.

[*Exeunt Cleomenes and Cal. ones.*]

*Cal.* After a great and constant zeal to place me In my own Right; Is he become my Enemy? The faith of man is but a Mockery.

*Enter Cleomenes, Cleander, with Timandra. Alexius, Dorion, Sicanus.*

*Cleom.* Here is my Reason Fathers: Do none here Know this too long obscur'd Face?

*Omn. Sen.* The King: 'Tis *Cleander*.

[*The Senators Rise.*]

*Cleom.* Your pardon, Madam.

[*To Calanthe.*]

*Cal.* Ha! my Brother? let me throw My Soul into his Bosome: Blest *Cleomenes*; My Royal Brother: dearer to my Heart Than many thousand Kingdoms.

*Clean.* O my dear Sister.

[*Cleander led to his Seat by Cleomenes and Senators.*

*Omn. Sen.* Long live *Cleander* King of *Scicily*.

*Clean.* I shall employ the best Care of my Life  
To serve you, and my Country.

*Sen.* You are dropt a present Sir from Heaven; and after:  
This blessing, there is nothing left to pray for,  
But that the same great Arm that brought you  
Hither with so much Miracle and Peace;  
May still be a Guard about your Crown.

*Clean.* Most Honour'd Subjects,  
I read firm Loyalty in every Face,  
I should else think the Crown a Burthen to me.

But I must tell you that my Fortune meets it,  
When I have more Capacity of bearing.

So great a weight: For here is one that must  
Divide all Cares with me: The fair *Timandra*.

[*Rises from his Seat, and goes to Timandra*

Your Voices and consent will weave our Crowns  
And persons into One: Heaven hath done his Office.

*Cleo.* Then long Live *Cleander* and *Timandra*.  
King and Queen of *Scicily* and *Namidia*.

*Tim.* I am rewarded now for all my Sufferings.

*Cal.* Madam. [To the Queen.

*Tim.* My Sister now.

*Cleo.* *Cleomenes* pardon my unjust suspicion  
Upon thy Honour.

*Cal.* He is perfect in all goodness: I must own him  
My best preserver: You can never Sir,  
Enough reward his Piety.

*Cleo.* I will hope,  
So you consent *Calanthe*: Dar't give thy self to me?

*Cal.* Most freely Sir.

*Cleo.* So, what think you of my Sister?

*Cleo.* What I should think, if she were not your Sister,  
Were soon resolv'd;

She is the wonder of her Sex: A Princess  
To be with Reverence look'd on a far off.

*Cleo.* My Lord, if I should bring her nearer to you.

*Cleo.* She is in my Soul already.

*Clean.* Come *Calanthe*,  
I see thou only canst Reward *Cleomenes*:

And nothing else left worthy of his Faith

And

And Honour : I must give thy self to him.  
Take her *Cleomenes* from me : your Hearts will meet  
And make no difference.

*Cal.* I Confirm my Brothers gift *Cleomenes* :  
Thy Blood is from the Race of noblest Ancestors,  
Thy Virtue makes the greater : and let Envy  
Talk it self dumb, thou dost deserve a Prince's,  
And shall't be Read in story to thy Honour,  
When some that boast great Empires shall have dark  
And common Mention.

*Cleom.* 'Tis too much Grace:

*Clean.* The Command  
Of all our Forces both by Sea and Land  
Are thine, with what can be hereafter found  
Worthy of thy Desert, and fit to add unto  
*Calanthes* Dowry.

*Cleom.* Your bounties overwhelm me, I must fear  
My Bark's too small for this great Happiness,  
But will remember still you are *Calanthe*.

*Enter Damocles Guarded, Dirion, Scaurus.*

*Dam.* Are you my Guard ?

*Sic.* We do attend your Person.

*Dam.* But I had men that would Obey.

*Dir.* You had a Son too, but you murder'd him:

*Dam.* Fine fellows : Ha ! What are these ? Senators ?  
Their Faces are much paler then their Robes :  
And some of these dropt at *Timoleons* Tomb : Ha !  
I know 'em agen : See how my dream continues ;  
When shall I wake ? Me thinks I feel the weight  
Of mountains on me — *Cleomenes* :  
What gay thing is that ?

*Cleom.* 'Tis *Cleander* the King.

*Dam.* Ha, ha : A very dream still : If I were not  
A sleep, who durst confine me thus, and give me  
Such saucy Language ? What's that Lady ?

*Cleom.* 'Tis the Kings Sister, the fair *Calanthe*.

*Dam.* So, so, I am confirm'd, and that's *Timand* —  
Whom the fine King plays withall : Chimeræes,  
What strang things do we fancy in our dreams,  
Some Thunder wake me.

*Enter*

*Enter Hugo Guarded.*

*Cleom.* Hugo, Sir, the Usurper, Parasite,  
A most Perfidious Villain.

*Hug.* Ha ! The King ? I am blasted Sir, I most  
Humbly beg that you would hang me.

*Clea.* The Laws may fit you Sir.

*Hug.* I have deserv'd it.

*Clea.* I make no question :

Remove this horrid Traytor from my sight,

This day be sacred to our Kingdoms Peace,

And let him dream on, till the Laws and Death

Awake him.

*Alex.* Ask the King mercy : Speak for your self *Hugs.*

*Hug.* To what purpose ? Let me say what I will, I  
Knew they will hang me.

*Dam.* Then I will wake my self :

The next wound's his, that dares approach me.

*Cleander,* I will do the Justice,

*[Wounds himself with a Poniard.]*

*Cleom.* Refrain him.

*Dam.* 'Tis too late, I scorn your Canting Forms of Law :

'Tis in my Power to deceive all your policy : Ha !

I do begin to be awake : This wound has don't :

But I shall sleep agen I fear, and quickly Vanish,

I know not whither.

My eyes grow dim o'th' sudden : 'Tis a trouble

Now to look upwards : Heaven's a great way off,

I shall not find the way i'th' dark : Farewell.

*Alex.* He's Dead.

*Clea.* But left his name behind ; A Glorious Villain :

His Head shall be advanc'd upon the Castle,

But let his Body crow'd for Burial,

I'th' Common Execution place.

You Gentlemen (no more a Senate) shall

Be honour'd with the name of our great Council,

And leave it to my care to Reconpence

Your Loss, and Sufferings.

*Omn. Sen.* You are Gracious.

*Clea.* There shall be an Indemnity for those  
Whole frailty, and not malice, made 'em Aft  
Under the Tyrant.

*Cleom.*



*Clep.* Mercy becomes a King, which as it flows  
 Upon your Enemies, should have a free  
 Access to your Friends, whose Faith, Sir, hath beauty'd  
 Your life would break their Honest hearts.

*Clean.* I thank your good advice my Lord.

*Cleom.* And in their number let me, Sir, present  
 (To kiss your Hand) this noble Gentleman,  
 Son of the Lord Demetrius; who Bleed  
 A Martyr for you.

*Cal.* He was my second Father.

*Clean.* And my Friend: you shall be [Parthenio kisses the Kings Hands]  
 Restor'd both to his Honour and his Fortunes,  
 Beside the Addition of some employment  
 (That may be worthy) near our Person.

*Clep.* What shall be done with *Dionysius* Body?

*Clean.* It shall have honourable interment.

Come *Timandra*,-----

Set on to th' Temple first, Where we may Pay  
 Our thanks and Vows to Heaven; whose Justice, though  
 It march but slow, and silent;  
 Yet at the last bold Traytors all shall Feel,  
 It strikes their proud Heads, with an Arm of Steel.

[Exeunt omnes.]

E L I N I S.

THE  
EPILOGUE  
TO THE  
USURPER.

**T**He Moral use of Plays, does make us know  
 Actions, which virtues Raise, and vice lay Low:  
 Teaching the Bad, though even dead, to fear  
 They may be Reviv'd, to be punish'd here.  
 As now this Play, by some such Magick Call  
 Has rais'd a bold Usurper up, to Fall.  
 And if I may advise you Gentlemen,  
 Faith let him live, if but to dye agen.  
 His Crime was horrid, and it is not fit,  
 One death of the Usurper Expiate it :  
 Let him dye often, He's content that way,  
 Still to be punish'd, so you'l spare the Play  
 Which by our Authors aim was meant to be  
 Here, a Record of all such Loyalty ;  
 That after long Contests, did safely bring,  
 Subjects to Rights, and to his Throne our King.

